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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

When Parliament met last week we were under the happy delusion that the Eastern Question was practically settled. It is now suddenly sprung on us again by the vote to be moved on Monday. It is difficult to see wherein matters have so far changed within the last ten days as to justify such a surprise. The Russians were pressing forward then, as they are pressing forward now. They have not yet occupied Constantinople or threatened Egypt, or announced their intention of destroying the Suez Canal, or even, so far as is known, expressed their determination to convert the Black Sea into a Russian Chatham. Nothing, in a word, is at this moment certainly known, and yet we are asked, at a moment's notice, to do everything. In default of any rational explanation for events so extraordinary, we are necessarily driven to conjecture. It can hardly be forgotten that on Tuesday evening last Sir Stafford Northcote declined to lay before the House of Commons the answer sent by the Czar to Her Majesty's letter, on the ground that it was a private and personal communication. This, as we elsewhere endeavour to point out, only serves to show how inconvenient and indeed dangerous are "private and personal communications" on affairs of State between exalted personages, especially when they are made at critical moments. It seems to us, with all respect for high mysteries of State, that if the letter of the Czar to Her Majesty is not a State paper it ought to be. Can it be possible that if the document in question were laid on the table of the House next week amongst the other papers which Sir Stafford Northcote has half-promised, it would throw any light on the circumstances which have led to the unexpected decision of the Cabinet?

Suleiman Pasha has shown a skill in extricating his army from its dangerous position which to some extent saves his reputation as a general. If he had been caught, in the Maritza Valley he would have been remembered in the history of this war in unfavourable contrast to Osman Pasha, as the headstrong leader and rash adviser who had done more than any other man to make a desperate cause more desperate. The fact that he has saved the last considerable army of the Porte hardly makes amends for his wanton sacrifice of life in the Schipka Pass, or for the evil advice which kept Osman in Plevna when he might have made good his retreat; but his escape with the greater part of his forces when he was almost surrounded and given up for lost, gives him nearly as much credit as if he had won a victory. It is all the more to his credit that he seems to have seen the way of escape open before he put his army in a position where there was so much probability of his retreat upon Adrianople being cut off. As soon as the Russians mastered the Schipka Pass, he appears to have sent off a convoy of sick and wounded by the same route over the Despoto Dagh by which he afterwards effected the retreat of his main body. The number of troops that he has saved for the defence of Constantinople or Gallipoli, if he succeeds in embarking them at Kavalla or leading them into the Chersonese peninsula, is not exactly known, but they are sufficient to encourage the Porte in further resistance, if it should elect this course.

Suleiman Pasha's retreat is hardly less effective as a political than as a strategic movement. All through the war, the Turks seem to have acted with this double purpose, keeping as much in view the chance of procuring English alliance as the best means of defending their territory for themselves. The retreat upon Gallipoli is well calculated to excite English susceptibilities, and raise one of those eventualities in which the English Cabinet might abandon its policy of neutrality. It would have been rather a desperate movement if the Russians had followed in hot pursuit; and that they did not do so was probably due as much to political as to military considerations. It is not unlikely that Suleiman Pasha foresaw the difficulty in which this movement southwards would place them, and calculated that, if they did pursue him, he might do his Government a service by gaining it an ally. Apparently the Russians mean to respect what has been indicated as a British interest, and a semi-official declaration has been made that they will leave Gallipoli out of the field of their operations.

There can be little doubt as to the genuineness of the despatch by the Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs, published by *Le Courier d'Italie*. If it be genuine, as it apparently is, our Government has something grave to answer for. It is pretty clear that, so far back as last September, they pressed the Greek Government to preserve strict neutrality in the present war, and that Lord Derby declared that England, as a Power guaranteeing the independence of the Hellenic Kingdom, and as responsible for the payment of the Hellenic debt, had a right to expect that the Greek Ministry would not embark in a ruinous contest. It is clear, also, that Lord Derby made himself the bearer of very plain threats from the Porte to strike "at the roots"—that is to say, bombard Athens—if certain grievances were not abated. There is nothing to show that Lord Derby examined the truth of the charges made by the Porte against the Greek Government, or that he remonstrated with the Ottoman Government on account of the wrongs done to the Greeks. M. Tricoupis has altogether the best of the argument when he says

that "the Hellenic Government was not disposed to buy peace by the sacrifice of its rights. It was not by giving us advice to yield to intimidation or to coercion that it would be possible to keep the Hellenic nation at peace." Our diplomacy has left, as can be seen in these words, a rankling sore at Athens; and a question may some day arise whether we have not incurred some moral responsibility towards Greece in consequence of our action. She has been virtually prevented by us from claiming redress for the violation of her territory; and there will be Greeks who will say at the close of the war that England is bound to see that satisfaction is given by Turkey. Greece is a small State, but one enemy more is an unfortunate acquisition.

The Government have agreed to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the expediency of constructing public works in India with borrowed money. We agree with Mr. Bright's criticism, that it would have been more expedient to allot to the Committee the well-defined question, what steps ought to be taken to avert the recurrence of famines, and we greatly fear that the Committee will protract its labours almost as long as the interminable East India Finance Committee. In fact, the best course to take would probably have been to limit the inquiry still further, and to confine it to an investigation into the merits of Sir Arthur Cotton's proposals respecting irrigation. The differences between the various schools of Anglo-Indian administrators have almost resolved themselves into the question, Is he right, or is he wrong? Are his plans for irrigating India applicable to the greater part of the peninsula, or, as Sir George Campbell and Sir James Stephen say, are they applicable only to a part of it? Is it true, again, that irrigation is a panacea, or are there other means of preventing the recurrence of famine? Famines will not tarry while a Committee is endeavouring to travel over the vast subject which Lord George Hamilton marked out for investigation; and long before the Committee has made its report, or its recommendations are carried into operation, the horrors of Orissa or Madras may be repeated. Lord George Hamilton talks of the probability of the Select Committee which the Government are to appoint reporting in a few weeks; but, if the report is to carry weight, and to settle questions which have been open for years, the Committee must be prepared to give months to the inquiry.

Mr. Goschen gave to the Liberal electors of Marylebone on Wednesday a piece of advice which is well worthy of study by Liberal electors elsewhere. He spoke of the apathy of the people of Marylebone, in which only 6½ per cent. of the inhabitants, as compared with 30 per cent. in the City of London and 13 per cent. in Hackney, went to the poll; and he urged them to copy the organisation which, in the case of the School Board elections, had produced results so very different. This is an observation which ought to come home to many constituencies, in which the School Board elections were far more favourable to the Liberals than Parliamentary elections. It is to be partially explained by the somewhat different character of the votes; but in the main it is due to the fact that there was a united committee instead of separate organisations, and that the former covered the whole borough. We are glad to see that the Liberals of Marylebone perceive their error, and that they are endeavouring to apply to Parliamentary elections the principles of action which proved so successful at the School Board elections in 1876; and many other constituencies might with advantage do the same. Why should not every constituency in which there is a handful of Liberals do as Mr. Goschen bids them? Why should not the existing Liberal Associations scattered up and down the country not endeavour to join their forces? Caucuses are not public blessings; but there is a wide difference between harmony among friends and a slavish obedience to a few wire-pullers.

Scotch Liberals do not seem to be exhibiting their usual good sense. Leith, Perth, and Greenock ought all to return Liberals; and yet, owing to divisions and a superfluity of candidates, it is possible that a Conservative may slip in. What is most worthy of note is the fact that the contests turn almost entirely on personal preferences and minute shades of differences in principle. Mr. Trayner has had the good sense to withdraw from the contest at Perth, and Mr. John McLaren has done the same at Leith; but Greenock is still divided against itself, and it is impossible to say how elections which turn on minor or side issues will go. The Scotch electors are curious to know how their candidates will vote in regard to any proposal for compensating injured railway servants, the Permissive Bill, or the Roads and Bridges Bill. They do not "heckle" their candidates in regard to questions of large national consequence, and we observe a strange silence in regard to all matters of foreign politics. We do not suppose that Scotch Liberals are indifferent to the weightier matters of the law; but we could wish that they gave a trifle less attention to the cumin and anise of Road Bills.

Ratepayers know to their cost what dire results flow from the chaotic and unintelligible confusion which underlies all existing systems of valuing property for fiscal purposes in this country. In four different areas of local government, each overlapping the other, a house may stand rated for certain local purposes at four different values. That of course is absurd, for the house cannot be of less value as part of a Union than it is as part of a Sanitary District. Local government reformers have long struggled to arrive at uniformity in fixing the basis of rating value, and recently attention has been turned to the Scottish system, which is much vaunted, on account of its extreme simplicity and fairness. Mr. Ramsay has introduced into the House of Commons a Bill assimilating the law and practice of valuation in England to that of Scotland. The meaning of that is very easily explained. The Scotch system provides that every rateable subject shall be taken as of the value indicated by the rent at which one year with another it might be reasonably expected to let, or is let at. Thus the rent-roll would be turned into the rate-book. One objection has been taken to this system. Mansions built at great cost are rated at much lower sums under it than factories or public works in their neighbourhood. Of course the letting value of a public work bears no proportion to the cost of its erection. But then is cost of erection a fair criterion of the actual value of a piece of house property? Would the landlord be willing to sell a good house in an improving locality merely for the price it took to build it?

A new Whitehall Circular gives to H.M. Inspectors of Schools a substantially new duty. Their task is, as a rule, tolerably hard. They have, as the annual blue-book shows, to travel several thousands of miles a year, to give about six weeks to holiday-taking, and, to use Lord Derby's phrase, to "afford an illness"—or a honeymoon—only for six days. The new Circular, however, makes Inspectors conservators not only of plain living and high thinking, but of faith and morals. They are directed to watch over teachers and managers of schools, so that no treason may be committed against the Conscience Clause, but over and beyond this they are told that "the State" does not believe in "sickly precocious" pupil-teachers, and that it is "not unfriendly to religious teaching in schools," and "not indifferent to the moral character of schools." There can, of course, be no objection to Inspectors taking a substantial interest in the welfare of pupil-teachers, but a tale may hang by their taking too much to do with the teaching of morals or religion. It is easily conceivable that both may be manipulated for sectarian ends. Indifference to religious teaching may be construed as equivalent to hatred to Anglicanism, and "moral" teaching may, without much trouble, be based upon Church of England foundations. Perhaps the best advice that can be given to Inspectors

of Schools is, so far as their circumstances permit, to mind their circumstances as much as possible, but not to allow other than secular circumstances to mind them.

Although the French are usually held up to us as models of temperance, they yet, like the rest of the civilised world, are becoming every year more and more drunken. During the last four decades, the consumption of alcohol has gone on progressively increasing, and French statisticians note with regret that in many departments spirits are pushing aside light wines in popular esteem. Oddly enough, M. Lunier, so says a medical contemporary, proves that in those very departments most cases of accidental death from drinking occur; that habitual drunkenness is five times as prevalent as in the wine-drinking districts; and that madness and brain disease bear a definite proportion to the spirit-drinking propensities of the people, standing at a minimum in the wine-bibbing departments, except in La Vendée and La Charente Inférieure. How are these exceptions explained? Medical men in France say that the habitual drinking of white wines has almost as bad an effect on the brain as that produced by brandy. It is a remarkable coincidence that in the two wine-drinking departments whose proportion of insanity most closely approximates to that of brandy-consuming regions, white wine is the popular beverage.

Consols opened on Friday morning with a sharp fall of a half. By noon they had not only recovered, but actually gained an eighth on the closing prices of Thursday.

THE WAR VOTE.

The announcement made in the House of Commons on Thursday evening, that a supplementary vote for our naval and military services is to be moved on Monday next, will, as Lord Hartington gravely said, be received by the country with real grief and alarm. We are told, of course, that a vote of this kind is not unusual under circumstances so exceptional as the present, and that, at the very outbreak of the Franco-German War, Mr. Gladstone's Ministry obtained a similar vote, on the ground that in certain eventualities we might find ourselves compelled to fulfil our treaty obligations towards Belgium and Holland. No alarm, we shall be reminded, was excited on that occasion, nor, we shall be asked to believe, need there be any now. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances of the present situation are altogether different from those under which the Gladstone Ministry announced that England, if necessary, would feel it her duty to protect the neutrality of Belgium. Her Majesty's advisers on that occasion possessed the confidence and represented the true opinions of the country; the sum they asked for was but small, and they took care most scrupulously to define what their policy was to be. At the present moment the Cabinet has the confidence neither of the nation at large nor even of the Legislature. The resignations of Lords Carnarvon and Derby show that the policy of neutrality to which it stood pledged has been abandoned. Lord Salisbury, it is true, still adheres to his party. But the whole foreign policy of the country is at this moment absolutely in the hands of the Premier, who, it is believed, would before now have sought or made occasion to drag the nation into war had he not been restrained by the wiser and more moderate counsels of his colleagues. That check he has now finally shaken off; and when we look back to the memorable Guildhall speech, we are justified in feeling that at this moment the interests and the honour of the nation are in the most serious peril. The vote, it is said, is to be for no less a sum than five millions. The fleet, according to the *Times*, "has received orders which indicate a very grave determination." Most significant of all, in our judgment, is the almost solemn reticence of Sir Stafford Northcote in the House of Commons coupled with the jubilant and half-defiant manner in which the Premier answered the Duke of Argyll in the Lords. It may be that the whole thing is but one of those theatrical surprises in which the Premier has always been so fertile. But, even when every allowance has been made for Lord Beaconsfield's habitual love of mystery, the prospect is alarming. The fleet is under orders; five millions of money are to be asked for; the Cabinet is known to be anxious for war; higher influences, it is notorious, are set strongly in the same direction. Meantime the nation is gravely told to wait until Monday evening next to learn the policy of the Government.

One thing, and one thing only, is clear. We are not going to war, except on some very definite contingency. If our interests are touched in any vital point by the Russian terms of peace, we may perhaps be compelled, in the last resource, to defend them at the point of the sword. We have yet, however, to learn that they are so imperilled, or even threatened. Telegrams from Constantinople announce that the Russian ultimatum has been given. If this be so, we shall of course be in possession of its purport before Monday. It will then be for the Ministry to definitely lay its policy before the House, and to state in that plain and simple manner which no man can better use than Sir Stafford Northcote when he pleases, what, if we are to go to war, is to be the *casus belli*. The Premier deceives himself if he imagines that even the present House of Commons will grant him a war vote in the dark, and leave him free to declare war at his own pleasure, and for his own reasons. Meantime there is absolutely no justification for the reckless manner in which, for the next two days, the whole nation will be held in alarm and suspense. If the Cabinet is in possession of information leading it to believe that English interests are really at stake, then that information ought to be at once made public. If, on the other hand, the sole pretext for the proposed vote is, as the *Daily Telegraph* declares, that the Russian terms have been delayed, we may surely ask why what is tantamount to a threat of war should be held out before it is at all certain that the necessity for it has arrived. War is far too terrible a thing to be thus lightly trifled with. If the Ministry believe that we shall in a few days be compelled to unsheath the sword, they ought honestly and frankly to tell us as much, and to give us the grounds of their belief. On any other hypothesis their conduct is totally indefensible. As towards Russia, notice of a war vote, before any circumstances justifying it have actually arisen, is a mere piece of idle bluster. In the City it will seriously disturb the course of business—a thing which the present Cabinet is somewhat given to doing. Throughout the country, it will cause, not consternation perhaps, but very grave and serious alarm.

Where all is uncertain, and where a statesman of the stamp of Lord Beaconsfield is master of the uncertainty, nothing is too outrageous to be impossible. It may be doubted, however, whether even Lord Beaconsfield dare drag the nation into war against its will; and even had he the requisite daring, he fortunately has not the power. The critical moment in our relation to the Eastern Question has evidently arrived; but, happily for us, it is the House of Commons and not the Earl of Beaconsfield that is master of the situation; and the House will at least insist on this—that a Cabinet divided against itself, led by strange and mysterious influences, and utterly refusing to take the representatives of the nation into its confidence, shall not be allowed to involve us in the fearful horrors of war without sufficient reason, nor even to let us drift into difficulty and danger without first telling us very clearly how we are placed, and what we mean to do.

THE QUEEN AND THE MINISTRY.

In all questions affecting the relations between the Sovereign and her Ministers, criticism of any kind must necessarily be restricted within certain obvious limits.

According to the constitutional theory of our Government, the Monarch has almost unlimited power of initiative. Peace and war are declared in the name of the Sovereign, and the Queen has it in her right to enter *proprio motû* into hostilities with any foreign State without the consent of her Ministers or the sanction of Parliament. On the other hand, as a matter of fact, the occupant of the British Throne has no power of sending a single regiment abroad without having first secured the approval of a Ministry possessing the confidence of the Legislature. Between the rights of the Sovereign as defined by theory and settled by practice there exists a sort of borderland, whose limits no well-wisher to our Constitution would desire to circumscribe. If England elects to be ruled by a Constitutional Monarchy, it is idle to suppose that the Monarch will not be influenced by personal preferences and predilections; and we have no sympathy with the outcry which has at times been raised during the present reign, as well as during that of Her Majesty's predecessors, on the ground that the views of the Sovereign as to foreign affairs were not identical with those which happened to find favour with the nation at large. According to our own way of thinking, the advantages for England of a Constitutional Monarchy greatly outweigh those attaching to any other form of government. But if we are to have an hereditary Monarch instead of a President, it follows as a necessary consequence that the personality of the Sovereign must exercise an influence over the policy of the nation, which would not be accorded to the individual proclivities of an elective President. It seems to us, therefore, that any complaint as to Her Majesty's supposed sympathy, whether real or imaginary, in favour of one or the other belligerent in the war now waging in the East is singularly out of place. The Queen has an equal right with any one of her subjects to hold her own views as to the policy which ought to be pursued by England at the present crisis; and so long as those views are expressed in the ordinary and recognised method, we should deem it beyond the province of journalism to criticise in any way the propriety of the opinions entertained, or supposed to be entertained, by Her Majesty.

In the remarks, therefore, we feel it our duty to offer, we disclaim all wish to curtail in any way the full liberty of individual action accorded by our institutions to the Sovereign. The Queen has a perfect right to form her own opinions, and to express those opinions in her individual capacity. In the same way, Her Majesty's Ministers are fully entitled to utter their own sentiments as the representatives of the nation. What we object to is any attempt to confound the authority of the Ministry, whose tenure of power depends upon the will of Parliament, with that of the reigning Sovereign, whose title is founded upon an entirely different basis; and it is with sincere reluctance that we call attention to an incident in which the authority of the Queen seems to us to be made use of by her Ministers, in defiance of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the Constitution. The facts of the case to which we allude, in so far as any official intimation has yet been furnished, appear to be as follows. During the course of the last few days, Her Majesty received a direct appeal from the Sultan, asking her to exert her influence to secure the conclusion of peace between Russia and Turkey. This request, in accordance with the scrupulous regard for her Constitutional obligations which the Queen has always evinced, seems to have been submitted, as a matter of course, to her Ministers. Acting on the advice of Lord Beaconsfield, the Queen thereupon sent a private despatch to the Emperor of Russia in the following words:—"I have received a direct appeal from the Sultan, which I cannot leave without an answer. Knowing that you are sincerely desirous of peace, I do not hesitate to communicate this fact to you in the hope that you may accelerate the negotiations for the conclusion of an armistice which may lead to an honourable peace." No fault can reasonably be found either with the purport or the tone of this Royal message. What we desire to point out is, that the moment that the Queen of England, with the advice of her Ministers, sends a direct communication to a foreign potentate, that communication becomes, by the very fact of its being so sent, an official expression of opinion on the part of the British nation. The Queen has full right and power of sending letters to anybody, whether potentate or private individual, whom she may think fit to address of her own private will and judgment. But when she writes as the Monarch of England, with the sanction and approval of a Parliamentary Ministry, her communications cease of necessity to be private expressions of individual opinion, and become official utterances of the national will.

This distinction is so obvious, that we can hardly understand how it should have been overlooked. Yet we see reason to fear that this vital difference between the personal and the official utterances of the Sovereign has been disregarded. In his explanations on the subject to the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer distinctly declined to produce the answer that had been sent from St. Petersburg to Her Majesty's appeal, on the ground that the answer was in the nature of a private communication. If ever this theory of government should be accepted, the country would be placed in a false position. If the Queen has a right to make communications with foreign Powers, not only in her own name but in that of the English people as represented by the Ministry, the English people, on their side, have a right to know what answer is tendered to such communications. The very fact that on this occasion the Queen seems to have given utterance to views which would meet the approval of the great majority of her subjects, renders it the more easy to express disapprobation of a practice which might at any time involve the country in embarrassments. Either the Ministry or the Sovereign are responsible for the conduct of our foreign affairs. If the precedent, established in the case of Her Majesty's despatch to the Emperor of Russia, should be recognised as binding, it would be impossible to define where the responsibility for our foreign policy resides. In the present instance, the Ministry refuses to produce an official document on the plea that it was addressed to Her Majesty as a private communication; yet at the same time they accept the responsibility for a despatch in reply to which the document in question was written. Thus, members of Parliament who may happen to disagree with the views enunciated in the original communication are debarred from criticising it, on the ground that it emanated from the Sovereign herself, while they are called upon as the constituents of that very Ministry to sanction and approve its tenour. On general grounds it is most inadvisable that the personality of the Sovereign should be introduced into Parliamentary discussions, which must necessarily be influenced by party considerations. It is still more undesirable that the authority of the Queen of England should be exercised in questions which, in the long run, must be decided by the interests, ambitions, and even caprices of foreign Powers. A Constitutional Sovereign has something of the position attributed to the gods in the later days of Roman civilisation. The Horatian adage, that a god should not intervene unless the knot be worthy of his solution, might well be supplemented by the corollary that such intervention ought to be certain of success. An English Sovereign speaking in the name of England should not expose herself to the possibility of her advice meeting with no response. And yet we see reason to fear that Her Majesty has been, to say the least, exposed to such a possibility, owing to the forgetfulness on the part of her Ministers of the sound rule that all ministerial communications should be made in the name of her responsible Ministers, and not of the Sovereign, who can do no wrong.

THE PROSPECTS OF EGYPT.

British interest in the affairs of Egypt has diminished of late, partly in consequence of the increasing attention paid to the war between Russia and Turkey, partly in

consequence of the announcement that our Government contemplates no immediate action of any kind with reference to the Isthmus of Suez. There is, unfortunately, a very large class of the community who are compelled by necessity to care more about the question whether the Khedive meets his next coupon than about the possession of Constantinople or the opening of the Dardanelles. The fears and hopes, however, of Egyptian bondholders meet with little sympathy from the public at large, and for our own part we cordially coincide in the general principle that the pecuniary interests of individual speculators, however numerous or influential, are not matters of national concern. But in the case of Egypt, England cannot afford to be entirely indifferent to the financial aspect of the Egyptian Question. It is obvious, whatever view may be taken of the proper policy of Great Britain in regard to the Eastern crisis, that the one point of paramount importance to us as a nation lies in the security of our route to India across the Isthmus. This security can only be guaranteed, either through the establishment of an English protectorate over the Delta, or through the maintenance of the arrangements under which Egypt has of late years enjoyed a qualified independence. Owing to a combination of causes, which are too well known to require repetition, the fate of Egypt as a semi-independent State is inseparably connected with the financial prospects of the Pachalik. This being so, England cannot safely overlook any consideration which bears on the issue whether Egypt is, or is not, likely to meet her liabilities. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the story of the pecuniary embarrassments which have brought the Government of the Khedive to the verge of bankruptcy. For our present purpose it is enough to say that, little more than a year ago, an arrangement was concluded, which at the time was regarded as final. Up to the date of Mr. Goschen's and M. Joubert's mission to Egypt in November, 1876, the difficulties of any pecuniary settlement had been complicated by the antagonism between the English and French creditors of the Khedive. The traditional rivalry between France and England, which had hitherto directed the policy of both nations in the Levant, had influenced the course of all negotiations even of a purely financial character, and the Khedive had availed himself freely of this international jealousy to postpone the conclusion of any effective settlement.

Whatever objections may be raised to Mr. Goschen's scheme for the conversion of the debt, it is only just to give him credit for having recognised and acted upon the sound principle that any arrangement to be permanent must conciliate the interests of the English and French creditors alike. The result of Mr. Goschen's cordial co-operation with his French colleague was the proposal of a compromise, which not only received the deliberate sanction of the Khedive, but met—for the first time in the complicated history of Anglo-French dealings with Egypt—with equal approval in London and Paris. This compromise was based upon data furnished by the Egyptian Treasury, and it provided, roughly speaking, for the conversion of the various liabilities of the Khedive into an unified stock, bearing seven per cent. interest. In order to secure the interests of the creditors, the control of the debt and of the State revenue and expenditure was placed in the hands of an international financial commission, with very large powers not only of supervision but of administration. The arrangement thus made has, on the whole, worked satisfactorily in as far as the creditors are concerned. There has been no decisive default as yet in the payment of the interest on the public debt. The old system under which the Khedive was constantly adding to his liabilities by borrowing at ruinous rates has been arrested, and the commissioners have been able to exercise a considerable, though by no means a complete, control over the public expenditure. Within the last few months, however, the Khedive has been endeavouring, with or without due cause, to obtain a modification of the November convention. There can be no doubt as to the fact that the net revenue actually paid into the public treasury has fallen very far short of what Mr. Goschen was led to expect. This decrease is attributed in part, possibly with some justice, to the Nile not having risen to its normal height, and to the depression of trade caused by the participation of Egypt in the war. But as no accidental cause could account for the magnitude of the deficit, the Khedive is understood to allege that the data on which the revenue was calculated were utterly erroneous, and that the country cannot permanently afford to pay the present rate of interest on its public debt without overtaxing its resources and accumulating fresh liabilities. Whether this statement be true or not, there can be no doubt that the present financial condition of Egypt is most unsatisfactory. The utmost difficulty has been found in raising the sums requisite for the payment of the various coupons. The exactions to which the fellaheen are subjected have been more grievous than at any previous period. The salaries of the Government officials remain unpaid, and a large amount of floating debt has accumulated, though not, as we believe, through fresh liabilities having been incurred, but through default in payments supposed to be provided for at the time of the consolidation of the public debt. In consequence of this state of things, Egyptian stock has fallen heavily since the Goschen arrangement came into force, and its present price indicates clearly the prevalence of a general distrust as to how far the Khedive is either able or willing to fulfil the bargain which he entered into little over twelve months ago.

The Khedive has of late given the representatives of the bondholders to understand that, in his opinion, the reduction of the interest on the debt is called for by the necessities of Egypt, and this intimation has been enforced by an appeal to the sympathies of Europe in behalf of the native population, who, it is alleged, are taxed beyond the possibility of endurance in order to satisfy the rapacity of foreign creditors. This appeal is one which is sure to meet with popular response; and if it could be shown to us that the sufferings of the fellahs were due to the high rate of interest paid to the Egyptian bondholders, we should be the first to advocate the reduction of the debt. No terms could be too strong to describe the misery and oppression of the fellaheen. But to anyone acquainted with the true relations between the people of Egypt and their autocratic ruler there is something almost ludicrous in the assertion that any of the kind demanded would suffice to relieve their sufferings. As long as the present system of government remains in force in Egypt, the uttermost farthing will be wrung out of the fellah in the future as it has been in the past; and no improvement will be effected in his condition if the sums so extorted go into the pocket of the Khedive instead of into the exchequer of the public debt. The representatives of the bondholders have replied to the Khedive's suggestions by stating that they do not object in principle to a reduction of the interest if due cause should be shown, but that they cannot consent to any proposition of such a nature until a thorough and searching inquiry has been instituted into the causes of the discrepancy between the actual and estimated revenue, into the exact amount of the Khedive's liabilities of every description, and into the administrative system under which these liabilities have been incurred. No stipulation could be more reasonable than this, in the interest not only of the bondholders but of Egypt. According to the Viceroy's own allegation, the various inquiries which have been hitherto instituted have been rendered nugatory by fallacious information—to use the mildest term—furnished on his own authority. A simple reduction of the debt, unaccompanied by any additional guarantees for good administration, would only serve to place a larger surplus at the disposal of the Viceroy, and thus render him less amenable to the control of the European commissioners, in the extension of whose authority there lies the one hope for the redemption of the fellaheen from an intolerable servitude. The Khedive does not object to the proposal for an inquiry in itself,

but insists on its being practically limited to an actuarial examination into the revenue of Egypt. After what has come and gone, such a proposal can only be regarded as a fresh attempt to throw dust into the eyes of his creditors. Under these circumstances, it seems to us a matter of Imperial interest that the Governments of France and England should exert their influence in order to facilitate the institution of such an inquiry as that demanded by the bondholders. Short of direct intervention, to which there are many objections, the only way in which England can protect her interests in Egypt is by hearty co-operation with France. On political, therefore, as well as financial grounds, it would be well for her to employ her power in behalf of an investigation which, if properly carried out, must eventuate in an extension of the joint ascendancy given by the Goschen-Joubert scheme to Anglo-French interests in Egypt.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE.

The interest attaching to the Royal marriage which has just been celebrated at Madrid is due rather to the historic associations connected with the event than to its intrinsic importance. There is no country in Europe whose matrimonial alliances have filled so many pages of history, caused so many wars, and cost such multitudes of human lives, as the land over which the young Princess Mercedes has just been called to reign as Queen. The very name of a Spanish marriage recalls the Grand Alliance, the Pragmatic Sanction, the victories of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, the Treaty of Utrecht, and any number of wars, intrigues, and revolutions. For not far short of a quarter of a century, Europe was convulsed with war in order to avert the possibility of the thrones of Paris and Madrid being occupied by members of the same family. Yet, curiously enough, such a contingency is now less improbable of accomplishment than it has been at almost any period since the House of Bourbon first succeeded to the Spanish Crown—well nigh a hundred and eighty years ago—in the person of Philip V., Duke of Anjou. Amongst the possible eventualities of the future there are many far less likely of accomplishment than the restoration of a Monarchy in France in the person of the Comte de Paris; and in such a case the queens both of France and Spain would be sisters as well as Princesses of the Bourbon blood royal. We have little sympathy with the pseudo-philosophy of history of which Campbell's poem on the battle-field of Blenheim is a sort of typical illustration, and which endeavours to show—in as far as it proves anything—that every great war was useless, because its motives do not commend themselves, after the event, to the judgment of a later generation. No thoughtful historical student would argue that the War of the Succession was necessarily waged without adequate cause or object because some couple of hundred years afterwards the arrangement against which England contended in a long series of campaigns has been brought about by the natural course of events with our sanction and approval. At the same time, the marriage by which the title of the French Bourbons to the throne of Spain has just been confirmed to the general satisfaction not only of Europe but of England, serves to point a moral worth remembering at all times, and especially at the present. There is always a risk that when a country has contended in times past for great principles personified under certain names and ideas, the traditions of this contest may continue to direct the policy of the country long after the names and ideas themselves have ceased to represent the principles with which they were associated.

It is now little more than thirty years ago since England and France were on the eve of an open rupture, if not of an actual war, on account of the marriages to which King Alphonso and his cousin, the Queen Mercedes, owe their birth. No matter what view may be taken of Louis Philippe's conduct in respect of the husbands chosen for Isabella II. and her sister the Duchess of Montpensier, it is obvious that our own Government would never have opposed the nuptials in question with such extreme violence, if it had not been for the traditional belief, derived from a bygone state of things, that a dynastic union between the reigning Houses of France and Spain was prejudicial to British interests. Yet, looking back on the past, we are able to see that any attempt on the part of England in 1846 to have interfered by force in order to avert the possibility of the Duke of Montpensier or his children ascending the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella would have been an act of absolute insanity. Happily, the good sense of the British nation led us to stop short of any act more decisive than a diplomatic protest. Notwithstanding this, the hostile attitude adopted by England at that period was not without its share in the subsequent downfall of the Monarchy of July, and of the misfortunes entailed thereby not only on France but on Europe. It would be difficult indeed to find a more striking example of the futility of providing against remote and contingent dangers dependent for realisation on hypothetical events than would be afforded by a comparison of the language held by European statesmanship at the time when the Spanish marriages were under contemplation, and that held at the present day when the son and successor of Queen Isabella is united in wedlock to the granddaughter of Louis Philippe. Isabella II. and her husband are deposed and in virtual exile. The Duke of Montpensier is now only the cadet of an ex-royal family, living as a private citizen under the French Republic. And the bare idea that the marriage of Alphonso XII. and the Princess Mercedes imperilled the balance of European power would be scouted as an absurdity even by the most fanatical survivor of the well-nigh extinct school of politicians, who held as an article of faith that any possible aggrandisement of France must constitute an injury to English welfare.

In as far as the interests of Spain are concerned, the marriage is of good omen for the future. The statement, indeed, that the union is purely one of affection must be placed in the category of those courtly fictions which are invariably put forward on similar occasions. There is no reason to doubt the common assertion that the Princess Mercedes is a very charming young lady, who may easily have won the attachment of her royal bridegroom. But, as a matter of fact, the marriage was arranged previous to the accession of King Alphonso to his mother's throne, at a period when the Prince and Princess were too young to have much thought of love or matrimony. Amongst the many obscure chapters of modern Spanish history, not the least obscure is that recording the sudden revolution by which the Spanish Republic was overthrown in favour of the youthful son of the deposed Queen. Subsequent events have shown that the *coup d'état* by which the Prince of the Asturias was proclaimed King of Castile and Arragon was, to say the least, not unwelcome to the Spanish nation. It would, however, be absurd to assert that the change in question was due to any strong outburst of popular feeling, such as that which restored our own Charles II. to the throne of his father. The Spanish revolution of 1874 was due, like almost every other change of government in Spain within recent years, to a half military, half political pronunciamento, the authorship of which has never yet been clearly explained. This much, however, is certain, that the accession of Alphonso XII. was materially facilitated by the withdrawal of the Montpensier candidature, and that the reconciliation between Isabella II. and the brother-in-law whom she had exiled from Spain only six years before as a conspirator against her throne, was based on a family compact that the young King should marry his cousin. The compact is now being carried out, and it is obvious that the strength of the Montpensier interest will henceforward be exerted loyally in behalf of the reigning sovereign. This accession of strength is all the more valuable from the fact that the ex-Queen—faithful to the last to the policy of intrigue which characterised her reign—has seized the oppor-

tunity of her son's marriage to reconcile herself publicly with the Pretender, Don Carlos, who only the other day was engaged in an internecine contest for the possession of the Spanish throne. It is so difficult to understand the politics of the Iberian Peninsula, that it would be folly to assume the stability of the reigning dynasty as assured and established. Still there seems much reason to suppose that Spain, for the time being, is weary of revolution and civil war. The experiment of the Republic has been tried, and proved a failure. The idea of a Carlist clerical restoration is hateful to the intelligent and well-to-do part of the community; and, now that Prim is gone, there is no general who can well aspire to a military dictatorship. Under these circumstances, it would seem as if Alphonso XII. had no formidable rivalry to anticipate. So far, he or his advisers have contrived, while keeping on good terms with the Church, to avoid giving any mortal umbrage to the Liberal Party. In the absence of any strong personal claims, it is only in his double character of a Bourbon Prince and a Constitutional Sovereign that Alphonso the Twelfth can hope to retain his hold on the throne; and his efforts in sustaining that character will be materially assisted by his marriage with an Orleanist princess, who is at once a Bourbon by birth and a Constitutionalist by virtue of her family traditions.

DISGUISED REPUDIATION.

The controversy going on in the United States with respect to the coining of silver is not a very savoury one. It would be an idle form of politeness to speak of it in terms of respect, as if it were a dispute between the sincere partisans of two different systems of currency. There is no mistaking the fact that it is a renewal of the old strife between the friends of "hard money" and "soft money;" and that a silver currency is advocated, not because it is supposed to be preferable to gold, but because it would be tantamount to a repudiation of some ten per cent. of the national liabilities. Messrs. Bland and Matthews want to benefit "the enterprising borrowers," as the Commission appointed by Congress to inquire into the currency question, with pleasant cynicism, describes the large class of debtors who do not like to pay. It has been pointed out that the reason why Congress adopted a silver currency in 1837 was the discovery of mines in Georgia and North Carolina, and the desire of Southern chivalry to make the most of them; and it is scarcely denied by many of the supporters of Bland's Bill that they wish it well, mainly because it is desirable to find a good market for the supplies which Nevada pours forth. The good sense of the country, we are glad to see, is revolting against the measure. The bankers are protesting against it, and are concerting measures to defeat it. Many of the great banks and cotton exchanges threaten to make advances and frame their contracts so as to secure payment in gold, and thereby virtually nullify any action by Congress so far as large commercial transactions are concerned. The better order of politicians know that Mr. Bland's measure is virtually repudiation; that it will damage the credit of the United States abroad, and prevent them funding their public debt, as they might, at four per cent.; that it will disturb prices, and retard the commercial improvement which has begun to declare itself in the States. There seems reason to believe that the loud protests against the measure are bearing fruit. There is a large residuum of political good sense in the States. It is the last section of the community to speak, but, in the end, it generally asserts itself. In spite of the threats of General Butler and his friends to tack the measure to the Appropriation Bill, and to refuse supplies if the former be vetoed, it is evident that they have a little lost confidence in their success, and the chances are that they will be obliged to accept a compromise which will fall far short of their desire. We might leave the people of the United States to fight the matter out among themselves, merely wishing well to the minority in favour of good faith and sound finance if it were no concern of ours. Unfortunately, that is not so. A large country, such as the United States, cannot take a step of this sort without affecting us. There are British interests involved in Mr. Bland's Bill, though we do not suppose that Mr. Bland or his supporters care one straw for this circumstance.

The Bill which actually passed the House of Representatives last November proposed that silver dollars weighing 412¼ grains troy should be coined; that they should be "a legal tender at their nominal value for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise provided by contract;" and that owners of silver bullion might get it coined on the same terms as gold was coined. Greenbacks would be paid according to this scheme in silver, and so also would the interest on all Government bonds. According to the strictly legal view of the matter, the bonds issued before February of 1873, when silver ceased to be a legal tender, are payable in either gold or silver, and there is too much reason to fear that the same holds good of bonds issued subsequently. They are all issued in virtue of an Act of 1870, which promised payment in coin of that date, when, no doubt, silver was theoretically a portion of the currency.

The friends of the "debased dollar" may say to the lenders with some show of legality, "We could have paid you in silver at any time before 1873. Why should not we now pay you in metal which was currency at the time you advanced the money to the Government? The letter of your bond gives us discretion, and we mean to avail ourselves of this advantage." There is no disputing that the facts are as the friends of the new dollar say. But none the less is the whole proposal of the nature of a trick unworthy of a great nation. A glance at the antecedents of its supporters shows this. The warmest advocates of the Bill are those who, a short time ago, were in favour of repealing the Act for the resumption of payment in 1879, and issuing more paper, and they are aided by those who openly wish the country to wipe out some of its most inconvenient debts. Whatever the Bill itself may be, its parentage is hopelessly bad. Only those who choose to forget the history of the country can be of opinion that there was the slightest excuse for the contemplated change. For very many years previous to the war, the currency of the United States was bi-metallic, consisting of gold and silver. But silver was little coined; the ratio fixed by law between the two metals did not correspond with the facts of the case; and silver, as the metal which was undervalued, disappeared from circulation, and quitted the country. When the war came, paper took the place of coin, except in California; and when a proposal was made in 1873 to demonetise silver, no one paid very much attention to the matter, and the suggestion was adopted from a feeling that silver coin had already practically become obsolete. To propose to pay off the National Debt in silver, which is now far below the value of paper, is to do something which was never contemplated by either borrower or lender. It is to break faith in substance though the letter of the obligation is observed. It is to read a lesson which European capitalists will not forget, and which will do much to damage the commercial prospects of the United States. To deliberately select a proportion between the two metals which is altogether wide of the facts, with the view of benefiting the Nevada silver companies, and injuring the creditors of the State, strikes us as wanton dishonesty. We are willing to make all allowance for the folly of unthinking people with reference to currency—a subject which, according to Lord Beaconsfield, has driven more men mad than love. But it is hard to exercise much charity in the present case, for never was a measure defended by fewer reasons—good, bad, or indifferent. The utmost which General Butler can say for it is that Congress supports it, and that the passing of it will offend the President. The few economists who are in favour of bi-metallism anathematise Mr. Bland's Bill. In their view it is rather an obstruction than an aid to the final success of bi-metallism, which they admit can never be carried out unless with

the assistance of an International Congress. M. Cernuschi, who has written we know not how many pamphlets to prove the blessings derivable from a double currency, would object altogether to a law which arbitrarily fixed the value of silver at one-sixteenth of gold, when, in point of fact, it is worth only one-seventeenth or eighteenth. Economists are fond of differing; they resemble too much the Scotch elder, who said that his sole business was to object; but, oddly enough, there is not a single economist in favour of Mr. Bland's plan. Its advocates consist chiefly of persons who boast that they have given a fortnight to the subject, or who assert that a knowledge of currency, like pistol-shooting, comes by nature to Western men. In fact, the utter poverty of argument in favour of the Bill is so manifest that it is improbable that it will be passed in its original form, and some compromise—a measure, for example, permitting the coining of silver in certain quantities, and at a value to be determined by the Treasury—is likely to be adopted as a substitute.

Unfortunately, Englishmen must watch the result with some interest. They are holders of a large quantity of the United States public debt. They are the owners of vast quantities of the bonds and securities of the railways of that country. The success of the machinations of Messrs. Bland and Matthews would produce deep distress in many quarters, and it might even endanger the stability of some important business concerns. We do not suppose that this will be a circumstance which will be much heeded in the United States. In fact, General Butler is likely to be deterred much more by the circumstance that, if silver is established as a medium of currency, some of the effects of this step will be advantageous to the Government of this country, and injurious to that of the United States. It will so far tend to arrest the depreciation of silver in India, which has been produced by the adoption of a gold currency in Germany, and the resolution of the members of the Latin Union to limit the silver coinage. It would virtually reduce the revenue of the United States, which would largely be paid in the debased currency. It would help to give stability to the currencies of other countries than America, who would use her as a market in which to buy or sell silver, as suited their purposes. On the other hand, America would virtually have three currencies—gold, silver, and paper. She would consequently suffer from uncertainties which are fatal to commercial enterprise, and in the long run no one would more regret Mr. Bland's Bill than "the enterprising borrower," for whose benefit it is introduced.

OBSTRUCTION OF PARLIAMENTARY BUSINESS.

The aimless debate in the House of Commons on Public Business must have been eminently gratifying to Sir Stafford Northcote. Its keynote was the confiding cry, "Let us leave everything to the decision of the Select Committee." When even a man of Mr. Hibbert's standing was prepared to forego the advantage of this year renewing what is known as the half-past twelve rule—the rule by which no new opposed business can be taken on for debate after midnight—lest the Select Committee might be discouraged by not being trusted enough, one can easily imagine how dead and sapless the discussion of this most important subject had become. For this the House is not wholly to blame, because the Ministry forced it to thrash out the question blindfold. The first thing that must strike the reader of the debate in yesterday's paper is, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a great mistake in not coming down to the House with a clear and definite plan for facilitating the transaction of Parliamentary business.

There was a general feeling of disappointment, therefore, engendered by his supine demeanour in merely craving a Committee for considering the best means of promoting this object. His laboured defence of his proposal hopelessly breaks down under close examination. Either public business is being done quickly enough now—in which case the long delay of investigation by a Committee may do little harm, though then the very necessity for taking any steps at all in the matter does not exist;—or else it is not being pushed on with sufficient speed, in which case the appointment of a Committee to find out how it can be hurried is to make delay doubly disastrous by treating it on the *similia similibus curantur* principle. Of course, when the Leader of the House either is ignorant of the facts of any political problem, or has been too indolent or too slow to think it out for himself, he is wise to appeal for the aid of a Select Committee. If the solution of the difficulty be of immediate urgency, the nation must suffer from the delay as best it can. But if the appointment of this Committee be defended on such grounds, certain unpleasant questions are suggested. Why should he be ignorant of the facts of this case? Why should he not have thought out the problem during the recess? And, if he has thought it out, why impart his wisdom to a Select Committee rather than to the House itself? The question of speeding the conduct of business in Parliament is one regarding which the most laborious Commission will be unable to unearth a single new fact. No less than three of the strongest Select Committees ever appointed—those of 1848, 1854, and 1871—simply exhausted by almost microscopic minuteness of research the last chance of making a fresh discovery in any department of the subject. Their reports and recommendations contain pretty nearly everything that can or ever will be stated or suggested, both as to the evil and proper means of remedying it.

There are some who allege on behalf of the Chancellor's policy that since the three Committees dealt with the subject "many things have happened." "New elements" have, we are told, been imported into the problem. When people ask what these are, they are answered, "Oh! the Irish Obstructives, of course." Now, to this plea for evading the duty of dealing with the conduct of public business in a bold, manly, and straightforward fashion, numerous replies may be made. Surely, Sir Stafford Northcote's apologists do not mean to say that he cannot prepare a plan till the Select Committee tell him that Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar are, in a Parliamentary sense, ill-behaved men; that they ought to be punished if they misconduct themselves in future; and that the only way to do that is simply to attack them individually for each separate act of offence. Surely it is mere trifling to pretend that before the Leader of the House of Commons can deal with "the new element" of obstruction, he must have a Committee appointed to find out what obstruction is and how obstructors may be best chastised. But the most lamentable thing in the business is to find experienced members of the House talking of obstruction as if it were something exceptionally new. Why, it was perfected as a fine art by the Conservatives so far back as the pre-civil war times, when Stafford's Attainder Bill was met word by word, and protracted debates on frivolous amendments got up for delay: so much so, indeed, that Sir S. D'Ewes puts on record his astonishment and disgust that frequently "over a debate upon so few lines we have lost so many hours." In 1791, again, Mr. Fox, speaking on the Quebec Bill, denounced the Obstructives of that day as follows:—"If gentlemen, when a Bill was in Committee, would come down and state in long speeches general answers to all possible objections to clauses that might be proposed, but were never meant to be proposed, debates might be drawn to any imaginable length, and the business of the House suspended at the pleasure of any one of the members." Every phrase of Fox's might *mutatis mutandis* be applied to Mr. O'Donnell's opposition to the South Africa Bill last Session, which Ministerialists would have us believe was a monstrous and unheard-of phenomenon. But, coming to more recent times, let us ask, how can men talk of "obstruction" as a "new element" when the fame of "the Pope's Brass Band," loyal Catholic Tories for the most part, has not yet faded from the memory of the House? What, again, of

the wearisome and perverse obstruction offered by Lord Elcho and "the Colonels" to the Army Purchase Bill? Nay, for that matter, what of the now almost forgotten opposition of Mr. Gladstone himself to the Divorce Bill—a circumstance aptly cited by Mr. Mitchell Henry in Thursday's debate? What of the prodigal expenditure of time caused by the critical mare's-nesting of "the Admirals" and "the inventors" during Mr. Childers' and Mr. Goschen's administration of the Navy? What, above all, of the efforts of that most unscrupulous and selfish obstructive organisation—the Local Taxation Committee of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, a banded conspiracy, that, in the Conservative interest, during Mr. Gladstone's reign, blocked all Ministerial Bills, after the manner of Mr. Biggar, loaded them, when that device failed, with reams of frivolous amendments, and had even the audacity to boast that at the end of a Session they had strangled thirty-five out of forty of the Liberal Ministry's measures? Mr. Biggar and Mr. Parnell, we believe, confess that they learnt their craft from the Conservative obstructives who, during the last Administration, spared neither mind nor body, soul nor conscience, in worrying and discrediting it and its leaders.

Having thus seen that there is no reason why the problem of conducting public business should be nibbled at by a Committee, and further that there is no reason why Sir Stafford Northcote should not have been ready to propose a plan for dealing with the matter, let us ask on what principles should that plan proceed. Unless the House is prepared to have a November sitting, a scheme warmly approved, if we remember right, by some of the members of the Committee of 1871, or unless it is prepared to sit earlier and longer—and to both plans there are insuperable objections—two remedies alone offer themselves. The time already at the disposal of Parliament must be economised, and the work thrown upon the House must be lessened. The latter project is not, perhaps, fit for immediate application in practice. Without agreeing with Captain Nolan and the other Home Rulers who took part in Thursday's debate, we may say that to apply this remedy we must first engage in a long series of decentralising reforms of local government. If, for instance, there was any approach to Home Rule in counties—if the self-governing organisations of municipalities could be adapted to the circumstances and needs of bucolic life—a vast load of work might be lifted from the back of the House of Commons. That assembly would only need to lay down the general lines and principles of any enactment. At present it wastes an incalculable amount of time in laying down stringent rules for the pettiest executive details—rules that ought to be discussed and devised not by the Imperial but by local legislatures. If Captain Nolan means no more than this by his plan for transferring Irish local work from Westminster to Dublin, he will neither provoke so much hostile criticism in England, nor gain any extraordinary popularity in his own country. But a thorough reform of local government, such as would enable Parliament to delegate its vestryman's work to some purged and purified local authority worthy of confidence and inspiring respect, is such a "far cry" that it may be left out of view. Mr. Anderson was not at all successful in showing that much good would be effected by continuing, in the case of single Bills, some part of the unfinished work of one Session, the next Session after. Bills are rarely dropped after they have made such material progress in Committee as would render Mr. Anderson's proposal practically useful. The O'Conor Don stood on firmer ground when he advocated the foreign practice of referring the details of Bills to Grand Committees instead of to Committees of the whole House. Indeed, if it were understood that after a Bill passed its second reading it was fairly accepted in principle by all parties, there ought not to be much objection to letting its details be fashioned by a Grand Committee, on which both sides were represented in a proportion fixed by the ratio of the division on the second reading. Still less doubt can there be that a plan which all representative assemblies have been forced to adopt when the subject-matter of their business grew too bulky and unwieldy to be dealt with by cumbrous Committees of the whole House, may have to be resorted to by the English Parliament if it should ever be put in a similar plight. But it seems to us that if some device could be hit upon for making it certain that in Committee no question of principle could be revived, and nothing but details touched, nobody would attend in Committee save the little knot of members directly interested in a Bill. If this were the case, what objection could there be to fix Committees for a morning sitting—thus leaving the evening free for business that necessitates the attention of a full House.

But this leads us up to a question from which it is to be hoped Sir Stafford Northcote's Committee will not shirk, and with which it is to be expected they will deal fearlessly. Why should there be this dread of raking up the matter of principle in Committee—a dread that forces others than those technically conversant with or interested in Bills to attend? It is simply because the House of Commons gives its members outrageous facilities for raising over and over again the question of principle. It is done not only on the second reading of a Bill, but also on the question that the Speaker leave the chair so that the Bill may go into Committee, and yet again on the motion to postpone the preamble. Nay, there is a fourth way of doing it, namely, moving an instruction to the Committee that whittles away the principle settled by the division on the second reading. The first step that can be taken to economise the time of the House is to put a stop to these superfluous discussions. Let all Bills go direct into Committee after the second reading, and let it be held a breach of order to propose alterations that will revive the settled question of principle. Another scandalous source of time-waste is the regularly recurring debates on the second reading of what, in Mr. Berkeley's day, used to be called "Bills of Principle." That was a polite synonym for Bills that were crotchets, or that could not then hope to pass. For example, there was in those days the annual Ballot Act; while in our day come Bills for Legalising Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, abolishing capital punishment, conceding Home Rule, the Permissive Bill, and the like. What is it but a waste of time to allow these measures to be discussed year after year on precisely the same lines of argument, by the same men, and with the same results on division? By all means let them be fairly fought out once after each general election. But ever after that, why should they not be challenged on the order of leave, and their introduction prohibited, unless the promoter can show that some fresh phase in the situation, or some new exigencies of the case, justify a reconsideration of the matter? There are those who clamour for strong penal laws against talkers against time. But such laws must affect every member, be he a wilful or a patriotic obstructive; and beyond saying that Parliament, like a Court, has the right of keeping its own order, and the widest discretion in finding a man guilty of contempt, and of punishing him for the same, there is really nothing new to be advanced in regard to this branch of the subject. A "new rule," permitting the House to silence for the rest of the debate any wilful obstructive, is hardly needed. The House has far greater power than that already. It can expel a man, if it likes, for "contempt;" and if it can do that, surely it can force him to hold his peace when he becomes a nuisance. In regard to the abolition of the half-past twelve rule, in spite of Mr. Hibbert's scepticism, it must seem to most people as though eight and a-half hours of brainwork is quite as much as the House of Commons ought to go through in an evening, and that it would be better to trust to gentlemanly feeling not to abuse this rule than to run the risk of getting drowsy legislation, or, what is worse, of murdering another Speaker. How far the Committee will act on the lines now indicated, nobody can tell. Yet this is certain—they could not proceed upon safer or less revolutionary ones.

THE RACECOURSES LICENSING BILL.

We shall waste few words in endeavouring to show that the creation and regulation of national pastimes ought never to be a matter of indifference to wise and far-sighted statesmen. Without attaining the ideal standard of learning and knowledge attributed to his type by Lord Macaulay, the "ordinary schoolboy" trained at Rugby, Marlborough, and Cheltenham, or even at other less learned but more fashionable public schools, is aware that Solon and Lycurgus gave as much heed to legislation about the public games of Athens and Sparta as to prescribing the education which they wished young Athenians and Spartans to receive. But if the Greeks were wisely conscious of the influence exercised by popular games and sports upon the character and civilisation of an imperial people, the example of the Romans might be adduced to illustrate the danger resulting from the inattention of statesmen to degrading exhibitions of cruelty and vice. Thus it is impossible to read some of the "spectacula" of Martial without perceiving that many of the scenes witnessed in the Flavian Amphitheatre must have been revolting, not only to women, but indeed to any man in whom all sense of decency had not been extinguished. An able writer in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," whom Dr. Smith quotes in his 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' has expatiated admirably upon the demoralising effect produced upon the mind and character of the Italian populace by the spectacles exhibited to their gaze in the Coliseum. In more modern times, the nature of every nation's chief pastime has always been regarded as the surest indication of its standard of morality. "So long," says Richard Cobden, "as bull-fighting continues to be the popular sport of high and low, so long will Spaniards be indifferent to human life, and have their civil contests marked by outrages of cruelty which ought to make men shudder."

It cannot be pretended that England has hitherto produced any statesman, moralist, or philosopher, who deemed the example of Solon and Lycurgus to be worthy of imitation. Like every other British institution, our public sports have sprung into being of their own accord, and resemble those trees of Virgil, "sponte suâ quæ se tollunt in luminis auras." But in consequence of the absence of guiding and controlling initiation which marked their birth, it has been often found necessary to invoke legislative interference, with a view to correcting abuses and checking frauds, and, in some cases, to improving a brutal pastime off the face of the earth. Despite the energetic advocacy of Mr. Windham, than whom England never boasted a more kind-hearted statesman, bull-baiting hardly outlived the reign of George III.; and before Her Majesty had been many years on the throne, it was followed to its grave by pugilism and cock-fighting. Public opinion had condemned each of these once popular sports before the law gave them their *coup de grâce*, and it is certain that, in England, no public amusement or game will long continue to thrive unless it be in harmony with the sentiments of right-thinking and liberal-minded men. When, however, our purists bewail the indisputable fact that British horse-racing, as now conducted, is no longer a national sport, but has undisguisedly become a national trade, or *métier*, it should never be forgotten for what an enormous amount of gambling the Turf helps to supply a vent. Like Aaron's rod, it and its offshoot steeple-chasing have swallowed up bear-baiting, bull-fighting, badger-baiting, dog-fighting, public lotteries, cock-fighting, pugilism, and open gambling-houses. The Turf, the Stock Exchange, and private card-playing are now, in fact, the sole available fields of speculation upon which the spirit of gambling, pronounced by Mr. Andrew Steinmetz to be the congenital instinct of every child of man, can in England find scope to expatiate. "If the light that be in thee is darkness, how great is that darkness;" nor can it be denied that, if horse-racing be permitted to deteriorate until it becomes a public nuisance or scandal, the consequences will be far graver than those which resulted from the extinction of its many predecessors.

Not much reflection is needed to convince those who are capable of it that nothing would be more difficult than to find a new national sport fitted to take the place of horse-racing. The Turf is a pastime which, except in the case of gate-money meetings, affords attractions to prince and peasant, to grave and gay, to young and old, to the robust and the weak, to men and women. No better panegyric upon its many excellences and advantages as a national sport can be given than one contributed by an enthusiastic public writer, who, four years ago, upheld it on the ground that "it is performed vicariously in the open air; it is easy of comprehension; it is accessible to all at little or no cost; it is not cruel, like bull-baiting, nor slow in time like a cricket-match; it admits of the speculation so dear to opulent and commercial nations; its vicissitudes are infinite; its excitement is thrilling; and, finally, it can be contemplated by hundreds of thousands of spectators, who can stay the whole day out or withdraw at will." Fox-hunting, shooting, yachting, polo, and tennis are for the rich; greyhound-coursing is far too technical, protracted, and inaccessible even to be widely popular; cricket is slow and unintelligible, except to the initiated; and horse-racing is thus the only public sport which is able to secure a largely extended measure of general favour. How widely spreading and multitudinous are the invisible threads which communicate between the Turf and many an unsuspected but sympathetic heart is substantiated by a story which the late Lord Derby loved to tell. The Recorder of an English city, which shall be nameless, had to receive two of Her Majesty's Judges on circuit, with one of whom he had, in their younger days, frequented many a racecourse, and made many a bet. As the Recorder, in his official robes, was bowing his head solemnly to the eminent legal dignitaries, the elder of the two Judges bent forward and whispered into the Recorder's ear, "Back Little Harry for the Derby, Jem, without a moment's delay. He was tried this morning, and will start first favourite!" In like manner, Lord Palmerston used always to turn to the report of the previous day's racing when he took up the morning paper; and during a speech which he was delivering in Parliament upon the day of the Chester Cup, then one of the most important races in England, Sir James Graham turned round to a friend behind him, who had just entered the House, and suspended his speech for an instant to inquire "What's won?"

For these reasons, there are many Englishmen who would emphatically repudiate any open connexion with what is called "the sporting fraternity," but to whom the marked decline of the Turf would occasion poignant regret. We believe that few of them, if any, would hesitate to express warm sympathy with the objects which the authors of the Racecourses Licensing Bill have in view. It is proposed thereby to put a stop to all race-meetings within a circuit of ten miles from Charing Cross, and, with the exception of professional betting men, there are not many genuine lovers of the Turf to whom the suppression of races at Kingsbury, Streatham, Bromley, and Alexandra Park would not be welcome. Such meetings awaken a profound distaste for racing among reasonable and liberally-minded men who have nothing in them of the Puritan, but who object to the influx of uncongenial company which is brought periodically to their doors. Our chief regret is that the Racecourses Licensing Bill has not upon its back the names of three members of Parliament who are avowed patrons of the Turf, and owners of racehorses. It is the conviction of many that the multiplicity of constantly recurring little meetings is gradually alienating public sympathy from the Turf, and that vigorous measures for repressing and preventing the establishment of fresh fixtures, with gate-money collected at the turnstiles, would in reality prove to be a blessing in disguise, even to those who are opposing Mr. Anderson's Bill with empty diatribes against what they call "class legislation."

LORD SHAFTESBURY AND THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

One of the few advantages of an Established Church is that a layman who is pestered for his belief on a difficult point of doctrine can always shelter himself under its wing. There is a story to the effect that Lord Melbourne was once pressed by an inquisitive lady, whom he had taken down to dinner, to give her his exact opinion on the doctrine of the Trinity. He replied that his views on this most important question were those held by every sensible man. "But what," his cross-examiner asked, "are those views?" "That, madam," he answered, "is what no sensible man ever discloses." The present Master of Balliol once made a similar rejoinder. A deputation, headed by the Vice-Chancellor of the University for the time being, attended on him to point out that, as a Regius Professor, he was bound to be a member of the Church of England, and to ask him if he had any objection to sign the Thirty-Nine Articles. A refusal had been anticipated, and the leaders of the deputation, having persuaded themselves that they were discharging a public duty, urged their point at considerable length. When they had talked themselves dry, the Regius Professor of Greek looked up with a sweet smile. "Have you," he mildly asked the spokesman of the deputation, "such a thing about you as a copy of the Articles and a pen?" The deputation disappeared.

Mr. Bonney, the author of the famous 'Manual of Geology' which has been published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and which has so offended Lord Shaftesbury that he has withdrawn the light of his countenance from the Society and its work, has hardly got the tact of the Master of Balliol. So at least we judge from an elaborate correspondence given in detail in the *Record* of Monday last. The first letter is from Mr. Bonney. It calls the attention of Lord Shaftesbury to the fact that he has denounced the book as "of a most noxious character," and has condemned it as "leading to neological views of the first chapter of Genesis." This Mr. Bonney considers to be strong language, and, accordingly, feels himself justified in asking for some kind of explanation. He courteously enough intimates that for Lord Shaftesbury's own general opinion he cares rather less than the Duke of Wellington was commonly supposed to care about Bonaparte's bones; but at the same time he distinctly objects to having his work described as "noxious," and politely but yet firmly insists that the phrase be either substantiated or withdrawn. Lord Shaftesbury's answer to this not unreasonable request is guarded but firm. He begins by admitting that the work is not within his reach, so that he "cannot refer to the precise passages on which he founded his comments." "I am not prepared," he goes on, "to enter into a scientific discussion, having received no training in that special form of controversy, but I take my stand on the results from reading the work to my own mind and to the minds of many others." Nor is this all; for it seems that, when Lord Shaftesbury first saw the book, and was distressed about it, he wrote to the Bishop of London "urging his objections." To this epistle the Bishop "returned no reply," and Lord Shaftesbury consequently "concludes" that his "objections were solid and true." Mr. Bonney, not unnaturally, considers this answer unsatisfactory. Lord Shaftesbury, rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, is a great ecclesiastical power, and Mr. Bonney accordingly begs that he may not be condemned unheard. He wants to know what it is in his book that Lord Shaftesbury considers noxious, and where he finds any tendency to neological views of the first chapter of Genesis. "If my book," he writes, "is really of a most noxious character, I freely admit your right to proclaim it, but I do demur to your pronouncing it so *ex cathedrâ* without giving any reasons." Had Mr. Bonney rested here, he would have put himself entirely in the right. He had, however, not perhaps without excuse, lost his temper, and he goes on to intimate his opinion, in a somewhat roundabout way, that Lord Shaftesbury is a stupid and prejudiced old gentleman. "I venture to maintain," he says, "that no fairly intelligent student, with even a rudimentary scientific knowledge, could misunderstand my words; and for these I wrote, not for prejudiced ignorance." This is, to say the least of it, hardly courteous; but, as Mr. Bonney warms with his subject, he becomes even more personal. "The career of active philanthropy to which your lordship's life has been devoted, must have prevented you from becoming a learned theologian, and you certainly are not qualified to judge of the value of scientific evidence. Such being the case, your lordship's language reminds me more of a Papal Encyclical than anything else that I can remember." Lord Shaftesbury's answer to this home-thrust is, it must be admitted, somewhat weak. He picks out two passages in Mr. Bonney's book which "appear to his mind to contain very serious and objectionable statements." The first of these is to the effect that the human race has existed, not for a very few thousands of years, but for a much longer period. This assertion Lord Shaftesbury considers "quite sufficient to turn many young minds from long-established belief, and to doubts of the records from which it has been derived." Nor is this all, for Mr. Bonney has also, it seems, stated that "the first appearance of man upon the globe must be carried back to a period far more remote than that which is usually assigned, and no marked break in the succession of living creatures heralded the introduction of this crown of the Creator's work." At this point his lordship draws the line. It is bad enough to be told that the human race is not, as Ussher taught us, some six thousand years old, and to be asked to accept such an assertion upon the "meagre and feeble evidence of the flint instruments" on which, "unlearned as he is," Lord Shaftesbury "yet knows there are many men of note and knowledge who regard the argument to be altogether fanciful." But to be actually asked to admit that the first appearance of man upon the globe must be carried back to a period far more remote than that which is usually assigned, is nothing more or less than, "in a slashing way, to summarily dispose of the first chapter of Genesis." "If," his lordship asks, in holy anger and pious grief, "the first chapters be thus handled, why not the others?" Into the rest of his lordship's encyclical we have neither the time nor the patience to follow him; but we notice that it concludes with an expression of his belief that "a time is at hand when high criticism will accept with reverential joy the twenty-sixth of Leviticus and the twenty-eighth of Deuteronomy, and science will bow in grateful amazement before the superhuman truth of the first chapter of Genesis."

Like Lord Shaftesbury, we are not prepared to enter into a scientific discussion, having received no training in that special form of controversy, and we consequently will not take it upon ourselves to question his lordship's views, whatever they may be, as to the twenty-sixth chapter of Leviticus and the twenty-eighth of Deuteronomy. We prefer to confine ourselves to the simpler issues raised by the Book of Genesis. His lordship, unless his letters are to be read in a non-natural sense, which he himself would, we are sure, be the very first person to repudiate, evidently believes, as do many other well-meaning and not altogether unintelligent persons, in the literal inspiration of the Mosaic narrative. He holds, for instance, that the universe was created in seven days, in the ordinary acceptation of that phrase; that the serpent actually tempted Eve to eat an actual apple; that there was an actual Tree of Knowledge and another Tree of Life; that God actually walked in the Garden of Eden in the cool of the day; that an angel with a flaming sword was set to guard the gates of Eden; that the animals—if we may skip a period in antediluvian chronology—actually went into the ark not only by pairs but also by batches of two and seven; that Enoch was by Divine interposition spared the pangs of death; and that at Joshua's command the sun stood still. Lord Shaftesbury

not only believes all this, but he also considers any book in which these beliefs are questioned to be noxious. The unfortunate thing is that his lordship is, strictly speaking, in the right. Unless we very much misunderstand the Thirty-nine Articles and the established doctrine of the Church upon the inspiration of Scripture, we are bound to believe that the Pentateuch is word for word and fact for fact absolutely, minutely, and particularly true. If this be so, then of course Lord Shaftesbury is entirely in the right and Mr. Bonney hopelessly in the wrong. We need hardly state that we are not at accord with his lordship in his theological views, but only that it is our painful duty to reluctantly acknowledge their orthodoxy. A not unwise tolerance has, it is true, allowed clergymen to play more or less fast and loose with cardinal points of faith; and in certain West-End chapels a theology is preached almost as airy and unsubstantial as that of Strauss himself. It would be a very pleasant and perhaps not altogether a very undesirable state of things, if it were open to any intelligent man to become a minister of the Established Church, to subscribe to her formularies, to accept her pay, and, at the same time, to preach and teach his own views, whatever they might be. This, however, is not, as things stand, the condition of the law. An English clergyman is legally bound to believe in a great many things which educated and intelligent men have long thrown over; and when he is reminded, by a bigot like Lord Shaftesbury, that he is paid, not only to believe in these things, but to preach them, he has no answer.

THE BATTLE OF THIRLMERE.

It appears that the proposal of the Corporation of Manchester to convert Thirlmere into a reservoir will come before Parliament in another form than that of an application by Private Bill for the necessary powers. On Tuesday next, Mr. Edward Howard will move for a Select Committee "to inquire into the supply of water to the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and the West of Yorkshire, and any deficiencies likely to arise therein; and whether it is necessary or expedient to resort to the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes to make good any deficiencies in such supply; and, if so, to what extent and under what conditions such resort should be sanctioned." The whole question will thus be raised as to whether the cities and factories where the weary Titan lives and labours can obtain their necessary supplies of water without interfering with the beauties of the Lake district. Various considerations will have to be disentangled before this question can be clearly settled by Parliament, if Lancashire is not prepared to buy up all the tempting possibilities of water-tanks in its neighbourhood at such a figure as private proprietors choose to put upon them. There is nothing to prevent Manchester or other towns from buying what land they please in the open market, and turning it to what use they please; but when they come before Parliament with a request for compulsory powers of purchase, they must show that they do not mean to exercise those powers in a manner at variance with the public interest. There are two distinct pleas of necessity which they may put forward—pleas which rest upon different grounds, and which the public will bear with different feelings. Sanitary necessity is one thing, and manufacturing necessity is another. If the Lancashire towns ask for powers to acquire water-gathering grounds, because the health and comfort of their populations are suffering from want of water, Parliament could hardly hesitate to grant them the required powers, with all due reservations for the protection of private rights, but without much tenderness for the public interest in such scenery as might be affected by the operations of the engineer. The suffering towns would still be expected to show that they could not obtain relief from other sources at a reasonable cost; but if they succeeded in proving that they could not otherwise procure the necessary amount of water without burdening themselves with oppressive rates, the public would have to acquiesce in seeing the most sacred valleys turned into water-tanks, and the most cherished associations ruthlessly invaded. But it is another matter when compulsory powers of purchase are asked in order to provide cheap water for bleaching, dyeing, and other manufacturing purposes. The public who regard beautiful hills and valleys and spots made dear by revered memories as interests to be defended, enter upon the defence in a different spirit. If manufacturers want water, they must pay for it. Lovers of Nature, with whom must be reckoned a considerable majority of the English people, cannot be expected to sacrifice one of their most prized possessions, the very shrine of the high-priest of their worship, to cheapen the raw material, or reduce the working expenses of the "Cotton Lords." Nothing short of sufficient proof that the manufacturing industry of Lancashire would be ruined or seriously crippled if they cannot establish reservoirs in the Lake district, should induce Parliament to facilitate the desecration. The manufacturing necessities of Lancashire, viewed in relation to its hydraulic resources, would be a very proper subject for Parliamentary inquiry. Those who are now agitating for the defence of the Cumberland valleys would have an opportunity of bringing forward their whole case, and would be enabled to see whether they may count for an indefinite period upon the undisturbed possession of their favourite haunts, or whether they must resign themselves to their loss as inevitable.

As far as Manchester and Thirlmere are concerned, the Corporation has not made good before the public, whatever it may do before Parliament with considerations hitherto withheld, either the plea of sanitary necessity or the plea of manufacturing necessity. On the contrary, it has been made perfectly clear that Manchester can get as much water as it needs, both for the health of its population and for the prosperity of its manufactures, without intruding upon the solitudes of Cumberland. Thirlmere is coveted not so much for the purpose of relieving actual sanitary disabilities or for the purpose of supplying a present manufacturing want, but as a provision against future emergencies, future increase of population, and extension of trade. At present the Corporation of Manchester has at its command a water supply of about 17,600,000 gallons. Out of this it has to supply a population of about 800,000, less than half of which belongs to the town of Manchester, and the remainder to adjoining townships, which the Corporation is bound by statute to supply with water. The Thirlmere Defence Association rather understate the case for Manchester when they say that this means a supply of 22½ gallons per head per day, only 2½ gallons short of the amount stated as the maximum required for perfect sanitation. As a matter of fact, judging from the tables drawn up by the Association, little more than half the total amount of the water supply goes to the householders and to public sanitation. The other half is consumed by the manufacturers. The population of Manchester itself gets from 14 to 15 gallons per head per day. If, therefore, the Corporation wished to bring their water supply up to the maximum of sanitary efficiency, even with their present population, they would either have to cease selling any water to the manufacturers, or to increase their supply by about 8,000,000 gallons per day. A total withdrawal of their water from the manufacturers at present using it is out of the question; but it seems that works are now in process of construction which, when completed, will raise the yield of water to 25,000,000 gallons, the exact amount to give the population all the water that sanitation demands and the manufacturers as much as they at present use. It is therefore entirely in view of future contingencies that longing eyes have been cast upon Thirlmere and its lovely valley, which seems to have been placed by Providence itself within a hundred miles of Manchester to serve as a water-tank for the great city and its suburbs.

Of course a prudent Corporation cannot neglect the future, and it must assume that the population and the

trade committed to its care will increase. But is Thirlmere necessary, in order to meet future demands upon its water resources? Thirlmere, provided with an embankment which would raise the level of its waters fifty feet, and double its superficial acreage, would, under the proposed scheme, yield 50,000,000 gallons per day, double the amount required to supply the present population and manufacture. Does this, then, mean that the Corporation proposes to construct works to meet the wants of treble the population it now supplies with water? This would be prescience of the most magnificent kind, such as Corporations rarely exhibit. But there is reason to suppose that it is not for the sake of the unborn generations, and as a provision against an enormous increase which may never come, that Manchester is willing to burden itself with the cost of a gigantic undertaking from which the present generation would reap no benefit. It is because the Corporation see their way to disposing at present, or in a very short time, of the water of Thirlmere, that they wish to bring it to Manchester. They do not want it for the population of Manchester, or of the adjoining townships which they have undertaken to supply, but, once they have got it, they may obtain powers to sell it beyond their present boundaries, and they calculate upon an increased demand for the commodity from manufacturers. The population of the borough of Manchester are induced to risk a temporary addition to their present water-rate, to bear the expense of constructing the new works, by the prospect of ultimately getting their water for next to nothing. These are not the ordinary circumstances in which a Corporation applies for compulsory powers of purchase. The policy of Parliament in encouraging Corporations to acquire the control of their own water supply was to protect populations from the extortion of monopolist companies. It does not fall within the lines of that policy to assist a borough, when its own wants are fully supplied at cost price, in acquiring a large surplus upon which it may trade with neighbouring manufacturers. If a town wishes to go in for a speculation of this sort, it does so on a similar footing, as regards public policy, to any other trading company. This is entirely apart from the question whether the Manchester Corporation can get as much water as it wants without destroying the character of the Lake district. It is asserted by the Thirlmere Defence Association that abundant supplies of water can be procured without going so far, by boring into the red sandstone and by constructing reservoirs on moors, whose natural ugliness would be relieved rather than increased by embankments and sheets of water. If Manchester sees its way to constructing works of this sort, and selling the water at a profit, it may be nobody's interest to object to its receiving the necessary powers of purchase. But there is no more reason for yielding to its application for Thirlmere than there would be for yielding to an enterprising gentleman from Australia or California who should ask for compulsory powers of purchasing the whole Lake district, and whatever other ground might be necessary, with a view to retailing water to the United Kingdom.

LAY-FIGURES.

This is not about the wooden dolls who wear clothes to oblige the artists, and who accept any sort of attitudes, heroic or vile, pathetic or frivolous, convenient to their delineators, without suffering inconvenience. Those dolls exist for their destiny, and their destiny is their salvation from a worse. But for it they might be firewood or kitchen dressers; instead of sitting sacredly on chairs which must not be moved lest they should be ever so little disturbed, they might be chairs themselves, sat upon and knocked over by any mere stout gentleman; they might bear the burden of draperies as towel-horses or clothes-pegs; they might be chipped into matches; they might be trodden on as floors. But, rescued from degradation, rescued from annihilation, they have their calm and honoured place; they fulfil their vocation avowedly and without sense of wrong; they are lay-figures and they know it.

The lay-figures who do not know it are the persons in question—the live lay-figures who, not dreaming what is happening to them, sit for their characters to novelists and social caricaturists. They have been seized on in the bosom of their families, in the shelter of their friends' houses, at their clubs, at church, and put to use. Some of them have posed for personages of strange histories, personages fearful and wonderful to them when they come to read of them, never dreaming who has sat for them; some as their mere uneventful selves with just an altered name; some of them for specimens of the latest faults and follies of the age to do duty under a class-labelling in the objurgations of Juvenals by the week.

It is evident that if these live lay-figures never come to know the purposes they have served, and if other people do not come to know it either, if the secret of who was the model remains a fathomless mystery in the artist's breast, they are not the worse for his work upon them. Nobody will feel any uneasiness but the artist, whose conscience, one would think, may get a little pricked if he chance to receive some proof of confidence from the man whose fireside foibles he has copied for his latest villain or some neighbourly charity from the good lady he has, to his thinking, drawn to the life as the vulgar mother. And as because of the different lights in which other people's characters present themselves to us according to our own position towards them and according to the actual position as regards themselves, and still more because of the difference of perceptions and sympathies which make each man's mental vision in some way differently tinged from every other man's, no two human beings form exactly the same conception of any third human being, it can never be an easy task to produce a likeness of an individual character which shall make itself recognised by everybody without any help from external accessories, and it need never be a difficult task to disguise its identity by such accessories. Some of us could not be easy under any sense whatever of using the intimacies, or even the mere social contacts of life, towards individual portraiture, however disguised; yet this is rather a personal idiosyncracy than the conviction of a carefully reasoning conscience, and there can be no doubt that a skilful employment of one's neighbours as lay figures is consonant with the strictest honour in every relation of life. In this matter the one certain law of duty, but that law an immutable one, is in plain fact the popular eleventh commandment *thou shalt not be found out*. To admit so much is not by one jot or one tittle to palliate the abominable baseness of creeping into confidences for artistic purposes. Still less can it be held to allow the cowardly and easy cleverness of concocting an unmistakable effigy and exhibiting it in a literary pillory against which no protest can be made by or for the original, for to protest is to admit the likeness. Such crimes are heard of and no doubt do happen, though they probably are heard of far oftener than they happen; the common fallacy of the non-writing public that in literature a portrait must necessarily have an original cannot but cause a good many Procrustean fittings of originals to portraits, and the luckless artist who thought he had created may live to learn that he has only caricatured. But however that may be there ought to be, among honest people, no room for discussion whether such crimes, when they do happen, are crimes; nor are they the less so because their results may be amusing, or even edifying, to us as readers, any more than the fraudulent obtaining of a bill of exchange would be less an offence against the law because we ourselves, coming into possession of it as innocent holders, have received good money for it.

The question that does present itself for discussion is whether the conscious use of a lay figure for a literary portrait is artistically desirable. Should the novelist who wishes to depict some phase of embodied character to the life select a given man of the required character and depict *him* to the life? Or should he, as a means

of giving verisimilitude to a more or less invented personage, elaborate the details from some one in actual existence, describing real peculiarities, and perhaps real incidents? The methods, usual enough, sound good on first statement; and they would be good if they were not misleading. The writer believes that, because he has the evidence of actual occurrence in his world of facts for what he has set down as occurring in his world of fiction, he has been true to nature; the reader is conscious, more or less clearly, of the interpolation of one sort of truth to nature into another sort of truth to nature, to the disturbance of both. It is like the crown one sees affixed on the canvas to the painted heads of Madonnas and saints: the beaten gold is real, and the gems are real; without them the face would have been real, and with a higher reality than theirs. The whole picture becomes false by the introduction of the extraneous bit of veritable material. Nor, even, is the actual personage, or the actual saying or doing, interpolated by the writer into his imaginary sequence of causes and effects, however carefully copied, absolutely true in itself apart from its relative truth as a portion in the whole: for these are not themselves except *as* themselves, they need the rest of their facts. Without them they are incomplete; you get a certain full-faced view of them, but the rest of them is not there, and you feel it; just as you miss the rounding sides and back of the crown on the pictures, although perspective would not have allowed of your seeing all round the crown at once if it had been complete.

The fact is, you can learn from each human being a great deal more about human nature than you can learn of his individual nature. Everybody does things which, as coming from him, are quite unaccountable to his most intimate friends—more unaccountable to them the more intimate they are. "I have known So-and-So intimately for years and he is the very last person I should have expected to do that;" what a familiar phrase it is. The action spoken of may be quite comprehensible, given a certain character and certain circumstance; it may even, if of a meritorious or lofty-souled nature, be what we conceive that we ourselves should do in such a case, but as So-and-So's action it is incomprehensible to us. That simply means that, because we are not So-and-So and look on him from the outside, we do not really know his character; he has an identity which we cannot master. Superiority on one side cannot enable us to read him through and through, still less of course can inferiority, and even sympathy will not overcome that inevitable separation of self from self which makes the most closely knit minds still in so many workings a secret to each other. We may, from what our lives have taught us of many John Smiths, create a John Smith of a probable or at the least possible character, on whom we look from the inside, and make him do according to his character within the facts we assign him in his three-volume career; but we cannot say with certainty of any individual John Smith of our flesh and blood acquaintance what he would be and do in imaginary circumstances. Do what we will the individual John Smith will be incongruous to our theory of him, and when we have got him well copied into our book he will show there as the lay-figure he is.

Supposing that a novelist wants to represent a first-class heroine rejecting a first-class hero for a second-class hero, without any such appearance of idiocy on her part as shall alienate the admiration of the reader. What would be the use of his trying to give her vitality by making her a close study of the real young lady who committed a like error of judgment and refused his real self in favour of his real, and, to his mind, manifestly ineligible rival? He never was able, he never will be able, to comprehend how she arrived at her selection. Consequently if he be never so successful in describing her as he knows her, in transcribing her amiabilities, her caprices, the little traits that reveal disposition, the little special mannerisms that gave originality, she will remain incomprehensible to the readers. And in literature the incomprehensible is the unnatural; the personages are allowed no lasting secrets from the reader, their very hearts are laid bare, and what they are must be reason for what they do. If the novelist from what intuition, sympathy, observation, reflection, have taught him of human hearts, generally, and what he has known or has guessed of the feelings and ways, generally, of women of the sort of the heroine he has in view, creates his creature, he will know her too thoroughly to make mistakes about what she would be likely to do in any of her predicaments, and she will even, as he goes on, teach him things he never dreamed of in his first conception of such a nature and of which all readers will feel "how true!" and some will say "what a careful study from the life—evidently a portrait."

There is of course a kind of delineation for which the use of the lay-figure is, artistically speaking, not only unobjectionable but distinctly useful; and that is when the effect aimed at is that of caricature. And by caricature is here meant not merely humouristic exaggeration but that kind of description which, whether for mirth or for pathos, for blackening or for beautifying, aims at giving vividness by rendering salient points of character, and still more of manner, strongly and persistently conspicuous without much, if any, attempt at general truth to nature. In this sort of work a lay-figure with a peculiarity may be an invaluable model. But it is not a kind of work of which very much is desirable. To do it badly, perhaps even to do it moderately well, is too easy; to do it well is too difficult. Caricature is not, as rash folk suppose, merely a convenient simplifying of art for those who cannot succeed in reproducing the true proportions, but a special sort of art requiring a special gift. It is true, unhappily, that to copy a caricature is immeasurably easier than to copy, let alone to create, an ordinary portrait; and so far the second-hand of caricature is of better result than other imitation: but so far only. For those who have only to read the books, not to write them, the ease with which a vigorous or a deftly touched-in caricature can be imitated into a tedious monstrosity is something other than a gain. However, granted the style, it must be granted that in it the human lay-figure has his use. Must it not, however, also be said that it is just in this manner that he should not be used. To use him you cannot disguise him; on the contrary you must make his peculiarities more evident, you must keep them strong, unmistakable, and you must ignore those large intervals in the lives of the most peculiar of us in which we are not being peculiar. You must, in fact, catch your lay-figure in striking moments so that the likeness shall be unhesitating, and you must not, on pain of losing your points, alter away those features by which recognition of the original is possible. Your fellow-creature's right not to be made a lay-figure under such circumstances is surely as inalienable as his right not to be hanged without trial by judge and jury.

HOUSEKEEPERS AND HOUSEKEEPING.

To be original is everything nowadays, and to be incongruous is partly to be original, so that consistency is, of many sins, the greatest. Yet originality is not the quality most praiseworthy in matters of practical import, and in matters of practical import we English have always considered ourselves connoisseurs *par excellence*. Strange is it, therefore, that in so grave a department of our daily life as that one relating to the feeding of our bodies, we should, though by nature and rule a consistent and practical nation, persist in that virtue of incongruity. Where money is to be made we seem clever enough, but where money is to be spent we are truly stupid, for we necessitate the spending of it while we make that very spending a burthen. Our women are no housekeepers now, because their tradesmen will not let them keep house; and our tradesmen have become arrogant and unmanageable as they are, partially because our housekeepers have given up the good practice of personal marketing, and because even the servants whom we hire to see after the affairs of our appetite, are grown both too careless and too lazy to have

any active interest in the matter. And who is to blame? Nobody; for nobody ever is to blame in such cases. Only the fact remains a fact all the same, that we, who boast of being the most practical of nations, are, in such small matters of daily convenience and bliss, very wofully behind people whom we secretly think very little of.

In England our tradesmen keep house for us. Life has become so fast and so furious, fogs are so frequent, quinine is so dear, and female strength and courage, beneath the grey skies, ebbs so quickly, that, in modest households, if our women are to hold their place beside other women, and keep their heads above water, in the surge of this great, rich, and ambitious land, they must even relinquish the graceful duties of the old-world personal marketing; whilst, as for our servants, so unpractical again are the arrangements of our houses, that—in the same modest households—scarcely is it possible that our cook should find time, any better than her mistress, for that matutinal errand with the basket. We must pay the penalty of marching civilisation and our country's opulence; we can no longer be primitive. Let us hope that this is but a phase, and that, soon, either we shall all be rich and able to relinquish puerile thoughts of economy, or else that our tradesmen will become more honest, and our arrangements simpler and more practical. As matters stand, the facts of the case are something like these.

My household, to begin with, is a modest one, and my cook lends some little help to the daily setting in order of my house. She kneels without on my door-step, whitening and washing it, for I have no *concierge*, as I should have if the possibility of living in a flat were permitted to me, and such a duty as this falls, therefore, to her share. The baker's cart arrives, and so does the butcher's; the greengrocer sends for orders, and so does the butterman; they note down in a book the wishes that I have communicated to my domestic; they drive off; and at their convenience, but very rarely at mine, they return with goods, alas! too often remote in excellence from those which my imagination pictured for me as I announced my desires two hours before! But what else can I expect? I neither go myself nor do I send any representative to do battle for me—that my leg of mutton may be plump and well-trimmed, that my fowl may be fat and young and sweet, or my vegetables fresh and crisp. My cook cares little about the goodness of her raw material; her part is to cook, and not to purchase, and she has never tasted of the fun and glory of marketing. Is it wonderful that my butcher should seek to palm off upon me the joint upon which so convenient an amount of superfluous fat increases the weight, or that he should not calculate on the extreme improbability of my taking the trouble to send back the steak wherein gristle has so good a part. My butcher does well. And so does my greengrocer when he provides me with limp and leathery lettuce, with unfit potatoes, and coarse turnips; they both ply their trade to their own advantage, and I have only got what I must expect. For though often I vary butchers and greengrocers, and expostulate with fishmongers, my woes are always on the same average. Were I a French subject with a modest flat on the Quai Voltaire or near the Tour St. Jacques, how different would be my fate! A *concierge* would clean my staircase, and did he *not* clean it the fault would not be mine since the responsibility is his. My cook, and otherwise domestic, would trip forth in the white morning hours, with broad-frilled and stringed white cap, to the marketing. She might be a dainty domestic, whose square French figure would set well and neatly into its grey stuff gown, and whose black jacket would be donned with an air—she might be a stouter lady of uncertain age, or, again, an angular lady with jaws a little sunken and a want of teeth somewhat detrimental to the French speed of speech; but in either case she would be a lady perfectly competent to the choice of meat and herbs and vegetables, of fish and fruit and groceries; she would be a lady with a quite remarkable fluency of language and power of emphatic determination; she will brook no delay and no insufficient attention; she knows what her raw material should be, and will have it to her mind without paying for it beyond its value. And because the purchaser, whether she come in her own person of mistress, with accompanying basket-armed satellite, or whether she send her representative in white-capped servant—because the purchaser sees what she buys before accepting it, the tradesman is by many degrees more honest, more painstaking, and more artistic. The purchaser is an artist in her way who cannot be deceived, and the tradesman knows his trade too well to offer her bad goods. With all the disadvantages of inferior meat from which to make her choice, my French plain cook gets better material, on the average, than does my English one, because she knows and cares what it should be. Whether my flat were on the Quai Voltaire or in some little street behind the Boulevards, or whether it were in some large, lank house at Fontainebleau or Meudon, my housekeeper, whatever might be her age, would know her business, and would still exact that justice be done her. Whether she tripped along, beside the freshly flowing runnel of some Paris pavement, to the pretty fruit and flower market that lies spread beneath black stone arches, or whether she pushed her way amid loudly-speaking peasant folk to the heart of the country market, where women sit beside their laden fruit-baskets, in the spare shade of tender-leaved trees, still my housekeeper would know how to buy, and would know how to bargain. I can fancy her kneeling beside some richly-burthened hamper, in the shade of a leafy sycamore, and before the soberly-splashing fountains of some little stone-paved courtyard, and I can hear her shrill-toned expostulations as she sorts the bunches of green Muscat grapes, and refuses to let any but the best be weighed against her price in the copper hand-balance. She fingers them tenderly, she notes the bloom upon their skins and the green of their stalks—she is at home in her art of purchasing. Whether she have to do with the bolder-faced fish-wives of Paris stalls, and the shrewd and trim fruit-vendors beneath Paris arcades, or whether her parley be with loud-voiced peasant-women, whose caps, though always white, are less fine than her own, whose dress is brighter-coloured and whose shoes are only *sabots*, place her in what strait you will—my housekeeper will always know what to buy, and also know what to pay for it.

And wherever I go I find housekeepers to contrast with my English cook and my English manager—tradesmen to contrast with my butcher and baker. Though in Switzerland some fashions are more like to our own, and we gather in stores into our houses for the mistress to dole out weekly to the household, personal management is the same, and the tradesmen are forced into careful and economical serving. Certainly, to see our women like the Swiss or German *Hausfrau*, might not be our highest ambition, and for this reason the French example is, we think, the best, for though along the pretty quays of Geneva, that stand out into that bluest of lakes, some white-capped serving-maids go on their morning errands, the Swiss maidens as a race are the most ill-favoured of mortals, and there is nothing tempting in our housekeeper's appearance, be she mistress or maid, any more than there is anything so inviting in that bleak and parsimonious land as those greengrocers' shops, of artistic aspect, that abound along the leafy Paris *boulevards* or under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. Nowhere but in Italy is there anything found to vie with the housekeeping of Paris, and in Italy it is housekeeping of so widely different a kind of merit that it can scarcely bear comparison with the French, and, by reason of its totally primitive nature, could scarcely be held as an example to us, who will never again escape from the trammels of great civilisation. Suffice it to say that, in Italy as in France, our housekeepers are artists, and artists who, whether they be of the middle class and wear a white or a black veil, or whether they be of the lower class and wear a red kerchief and a home-spun linen gown, will yet be quite sure of what they want, and quite determined to have it. And if the bargaining be a little more furious in

the open-air *piazzas* of this land of stronger epithet, it all comes to the same in the end, for in spite of many a hasty quarrel between dark-faced men and women, buyers and sellers, through daily marketing intercourse, understand one another as tradesman and purchaser can never hope to do beneath our present *régime*. Let us hope for the day when flats shall be our homes and *concierges* shall see to the washing of our front door-steps; consequently, when servants will have more leisure, and the good custom stand a chance of institution, when we shall engage our cooks to be good marketers as well as good roasters of beef, and when we shall expect them, as we do in France or in Italy, to trudge out, basket-armed, in the morning, to pay for and bring home the day's supplies.

But, alas! the day is far off when we may hope for so much comfort and so much economy. Many of us are proud of our originality, in this, among nations. We think ourselves more civilised than they, and do not at all believe anything incongruous or impractical in our household arrangements. The customs of the primitive, however good, are left behind, and we must be content to fit our ways hastily to the turmoil of life.

LITERATURE.

A NEW HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

Modern Philosophy: from Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann. By Francis Bowen, A.M., Alford Professor of Natural Religion and Moral Philosophy in Harvard College. London: Sampson Low and Co.

There is still ample room in English literature for a full and intelligent account of the developments of modern philosophy. At present the English student has either to labour to reconstruct the systems from bare skeleton-like statements, such as those of Ueberweg's History, or to content himself with a general view of philosophic progress which gives the minimum of detailed exposition, such as is supplied by the deservedly popular volumes of Mr. G. H. Lewes. What is now really wanted is a history which shall go fully enough into the particular systems to make them intelligible in their main outlines, and at the same time exhibit their complicated relations of dependence. Such a work presupposes a number of distinct qualifications. The historian must first of all be able to seize and interpret the central doctrines of the writers whom he has to expound, to present to his readers no mere dry abridgment of their own formulas, but as far as possible a clear, consistent, and reasonable view of their leading ideas. In addition to this, he must take a large view of the genesis of the systems he examines, tracing their origin to personal circumstances, to the influence of preceding thinkers, and even to the reaction on speculative thought of contemporary life and literature (political, religious, &c.). If the historian satisfies these conditions, we are ready to release him from the obligation of a thorough-going critical estimate of the ideas he brings under review, though the addition of this service would help to give his work completeness.

A mere glance at the work now before us suffices to show that the author has taken a much less severe view of the requirements of a history of modern philosophy than that just indicated. Mr. Bowen's volume consists of a somewhat lengthy exposition of the philosophic doctrines of twelve writers. And this fact alone must condemn the work, according to the standard we have selected. An intelligible account of the many-sided development of modern speculation must have regard to many more than twelve names. But, in justice to Mr. Bowen, we must say that in his preface he distinctly warns us that he does not purpose to write a complete history of modern philosophy, but rather to give an account "of the systems only of those great thinkers whose writings have permanently influenced the course of European thought." Now, waiving the question whether this aim is correctly set forth in the title of the work, we ask by what criterion the author has selected his "great thinkers?" Certainly not according to the originality and influence of their works, otherwise we should not have the names of Pascal and Malebranche inserted, while those of Hobbes and Hume are excluded. The author hints, it is true, that he has preferred French and German to English thinkers, "whose writings are accessible to all." But even when this very arbitrary principle of selection is borne in mind, Mr. Bowen's work must be said to fail of its mark. For why give a chapter to Berkeley and refuse one to Hume? Or why devote three chapters to Schopenhauer (who is only half recognised as a philosopher by German historians), and two to Hartmann, and take no notice of Herbert, whose influence on thought is still so potent and far-reaching? If it is said that some of the lesser lights introduced into the author's firmament are chosen because they serve the better to define the larger luminaries, even this does not explain why Pascal is selected; for his chief claim to notice, according to Professor Bowen, is that he anticipated some of the leading ideas of Sir W. Hamilton; and yet Hamilton's system finds no place in the author's scheme. In truth, we cannot find any clear and rational explanation of Professor Bowen's selection. It looks as though he has chosen his names, now because they were too big to be overlooked, now because they were comparatively unknown to English readers, and now (and pretty often) because he had something in his heart concerning them which he wished to deliver.

Even if we could bring ourselves to be contented with the boundaries laid down by the author we should still have to take exception to his mode of mapping out the ground. The arrangement of the subject-matter is far from judicious. For example, after Descartes we have Spinoza and Malebranche, who are treated as standing about equidistant from their great predecessor. Again, the question of Realism, Nominalism, and Conceptualism is dealt with after Leibnitz, instead of at the beginning of the period reviewed, as an introductory chapter. Once more, what must be said to this sequence of chapters: Kant's system (three chapters); Positivism, Schopenhauer's 'Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason' (which is here detached from Schopenhauer's 'System of Philosophy'), Fichte, Schelling, &c. This work appeared (as Professor Bowen himself tells us) in the year 1814, that is to say, one year before Fichte's death, and after Schelling had published all the works which Professor Bowen thinks of any permanent value. Altogether it is not easy to justify the writer's arrangement.

The worst fault, however, in point of order, remains to be stated. Professor Bowen deems it well to interpolate, in the course of his exposition, a number of utterances of his own respecting the deepest questions of speculation. Now it is a whole chapter of dogmatic matter which is thus interpolated, as Chapter III., "Innate Ideas," and Chapter XV., "Positivism." More frequently these digressions occur in the body of a chapter, where they serve still more to distract and perplex the reader. The reason of these departures from the calm objective method of the historian may be found in the preface. Professor Bowen holds that "one who publishes a treatise on modern philosophy may reasonably aspire to be something more than a commentator." Allowing this to be so, one would still urge that it might be as well to let the historian's own interpretation be kept distinct from that of the writers whom he is expounding. Dogmatic and historical teaching cannot be fused in the way here attempted. But must the historian necessarily have a definite system of his own to expound? Let us hear Mr. Bowen: "No one can be an earnest student of philosophy without arriving at definite convictions respecting the fundamental truths of theology." Really? Have we not heard it said that the study of the history of philosophy is fitted to produce exactly the opposite result; a sceptical indifference to all systems of philosophy and theology alike? But, in truth, the author makes a slip when he uses the expression

"arriving at," since he tells us immediately afterwards that the principles of theology which he himself has thus *reached* have always been in his possession.

What, then, it may be asked, are Professor Bowen's "fundamental views." He is, first of all, an orthodox theologian of the Evangelical type. With a rigid orthodoxy in theological matters he combines a good deal of thoroughly Anglo-Saxon "common sense" in philosophy. Thus he looks on the reality of mind and of matter as a cardinal verity, a fundamental truth certified by the immediate testimony of consciousness. Accordingly, he has no patience with any philosophy which tries to transcend the distinction of subject and object, whether it be the doctrine of the absolute Ego of Fichte, or of the absolute Idea of Hegel, or the Monism of Hartmann. Yet while thus "sound" Anglo-Saxon and Hamiltonian in his fundamental principles, Professor Bowen appears to be willing to accept a good deal in the system of even extravagant philosophers, provided it is compatible with those first principles. Thus, he appears to adopt the conception of monad put forth by Leibnitz (which, by the way, he tells us is accepted by most scientific minds of the present day), and is not unwilling to assimilate the somewhat bizarre teleology of Hartmann. But once let a thinker deny, or rather seem to our author to deny, a fundamental tenet of his creed, and there is no mercy for him. Pantheism in every shape and form is simply pestilential to the spiritual *nares* of our historian, and he denounces it in no measured terms. Of all the Pantheists, or quasi-Pantheists, the unlucky Jew, Spinoza, comes in for most of the author's hatred. Spinoza is to him a sort of grim Mephistopheles, since "he annihilates both God and the universe." A still heartier dislike is vouchsafed to the Positivists. Under Positivism "in the narrow sense" (*sic*) Professor Bowen lumps together not only Comtists but men of science like Mr. Darwin and (what is still more curious) a believer in the Unknowable like Mr. Herbert Spencer. This is the fashionable dirt philosophy of materialism and atheism which his soul abhorreth. Among other choice names for this creed (which is identical with that of Hume, and generally of the eighteenth century) is "the doctrine of immorality." What this expression exactly means is not told us.

Violent prejudices do not commonly subserve wise or accurate criticism, and the truth of this remark may be abundantly illustrated by Mr. Bowen's volume. Pantheism, Materialism (as a metaphysical doctrine), and Positivism in its correct sense, as equivalent to Phenomenalism, are very much the same to our author, seeing that they equally deny some of his "good old truths." While the writer, when dealing with a subject which does not excite his emotional nature, now and again displays a good deal of valuable critical ability of the commonsense kind, he becomes quite incapable of perceiving the real distinctions and relations of things as soon as he is face to face with a subject which rouses his "righteous indignation." Thus, for example, he appears to think (p. 260) that Mr. Darwin's theory of descent is nothing but a repetition of ideas propounded by Helvetius and Lord Monboddo. This, by the by, is an example of a characteristic failing of Mr. Bowen, namely, the tendency to read back too much of modern ideas into earlier works. It does not do for the historian of thought to press the adage, "Nothing new under the sun," too far. Once more, Professor Bowen wholly misses the drift of Mill's theory of reasoning when he makes him say (p. 272 *seq.*) that the doctrine of the uniformity of nature is proved by the fact that "we have had experience of what was future." Some of Mr. Bowen's remarks completely baffle us. Thus he seems to think that the prohibition of the study of final causes is incompatible with the denial of free-will (p. 278), since motives (the antecedents of voluntary action according to the determinist) are *purposes*. From these illustrations the reader may judge of the writer's competence to deal with the questions of modern science and philosophy. The truth is that Mr. Bowen is wholly out of harmony with the modern scientific spirit, inasmuch as he sets little store by facts when they conflict with the *à priori* conclusions of reason. This is illustrated in his discussion of the optimism of Leibnitz, which can never, he thinks, be upset by facts (p. 108). A mind thus constituted is not likely to appreciate the characteristic thought of our time.

It would be ungracious, after thus freely pointing out ths weaknesses of Mr. Bowen's volume, not to recognise some of its good qualities. It is far from being useless, even though it fails to give a conscientious view of modern philosophy. Until a more complete and truly philosophic history of modern thought is forthcoming, English students may do well to repair to Mr. Bowen's book, in order at least to gain a full and intelligible account of some of the chief names in modern German philosophy. The doctrines of Leibnitz, Kant, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann are presented with an amount of lucidity which does credit to the author's patient reading and reflection. Mr. Bowen has a wholesome dislike for the technical jargon of such thinkers as Kant and Hegel, and he deals it now and again a merciless blow. In his hearty contempt for the vagaries of modern pessimism, we are thoroughly at one with him. For the rest it may be said that Professor Bowen writes clear and idiomatic English, and hardly ever offends the British ear by transatlantic oddities of expression.

MYCENÆ.

A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns. By Dr. Henry Schliemann, Citizen of the United States of America, &c. &c. The Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: John Murray. 1878.

[*Second Notice.*]

The causes of the superiority of Greek art, as well as the sources to which its first beginnings might be traced, have long been subjects of speculation. It is now generally accepted that the natal influence came from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean; and all excavations which have been productive of objects of an archaic type are eagerly watched in hopes of their throwing some new light on the vexed question. The pottery and other articles found at Hissarlik have been most disappointing in this respect. Everything is so rude and destitute of art that we must conclude that the period which produced them was either one so early that art had not begun, or one in which it had decayed to the lowest state of degradation. The pages of Homer are full of allusions to art productions. There is hardly a page of the 'Iliad' or the 'Odyssey' which does not contain some reference to beautiful work in gold, silver, ivory, or embroidery. So familiar is the poet with the processes of art, that he uses one of them in a most effective way as a poetic simile. When Ulysses has been bathed and is about to appear again before Penelope, the change in his appearance is ascribed to Athene, who seems to have transfigured him from an unseemly beggar into a condition of exalted beauty. It is thus described: "As when some skilful man pours gold around silver, whom Hephæstos and Pallas Athene have taught all kinds of art, and he executes graceful works: so around his head and shoulders did she pour grace."—*Od.* xxiii.159. The same idea is also given in Book vi. 232. The use of such a figure of speech by the Homeric rhapsodist implied some knowledge of these operations and of their artistic results; and it is a very important point to remember that the spade of the explorer has revealed no art productions of this kind at the so-called Troy. Measured by the architectural descriptions of Homer, the buildings brought to light are found to be equally wide of the mark. The "beautiful dwelling" of Priam is described as being of marble, and having "polished porticoes." The houses found by Dr. Schliemann were only mud huts, and instead of "porticoes" the people who used them must have gone out and in by the roof, for they have neither doors nor windows. Supposing that the Homeric Ilium did really exist on the Hissarlik mound, and was utterly destroyed, according to prophecy and tradition, then the objects found there now must have been left by some ruder race, who came afterwards,

such perhaps as the Scythians or people of the north, who in the past, as in our own day, made inroads upon that region. If this suggestion is rejected, then the other conclusion must be that Homer lived long after the events he related, and made up all the details of his story from what was around him at his own time, and on that account cannot be made to harmonise in such matters with the discoveries of our archæologist.

What has been here said of Troy applies with almost equal force to Mycenæ. Undoubtedly there is more art in the objects found at the last-named place; but perhaps with the exception of the Circular Agora, there is scarcely one of the discoveries which can be used to illustrate a line of Homer. Some of the ornament is good, most of it is effective, but the attempts at figures belong to the earliest infancy of art. The Shield of Achilles might have been produced at the same date, and in the same region, but it is hard to accept such a belief. Read the account of the Mantle-brooch of Ulysses; it was for a purple woollen cloak:—"A clasp of gold was made with two fastenings; its face was variegated; a dog held with its front feet a spotted fawn, enjoying its panting, and all marvelled at it, from its being of gold; he was strangling the kid with a look of delight, while the kid, eager to escape, was convulsively struggling with his feet." After reading this, let anyone turn to the plate at p. 81, 'Mycenæ.' As it is given as a royal tombstone, we ought to suppose that the best artist, the Phidias or Praxiteles of the moment, would be employed to do it. The thing in this work which particularly demands to be "marvelled at," is the tail of the horse, so like that of a cat on the house-tops at night. It need only be said, by way of criticism, that if the Shield of Achilles and the Brooch of Ulysses were works with no better art in them than the one here referred to, or even any other in the book, then the mythical character of Homer may be considered as fully established.

Most fortunately we have at least one specimen of art at Mycenæ with which to compare the objects found during the late explorations; this is the sculpture of the two animals on the Gate of the Lions. In this case we have a piece of good work. The animals are well proportioned, and carefully delineated; every detail is carried out with a high finish, the whole work indicates the necessary knowledge and feeling of a true artist. The slight exaggeration of the muscles and tendons has given rise to the idea that the style of art was derived from an Assyrian influence; but wherever it may have come from, it is a highly-developed style, and has nothing in common with the rude efforts on the supposed tombstones, nor with the art on any of the objects which are given in the book. To anyone who has seen the sculptures over the gate at Mycenæ, the inspection of those found by Dr. Schliemann is most disappointing. A wide gulf of time or space must have intervened between productions so different. The few fragments in the British Museum from Mycenæ, with the spirals and discs, are in perfect keeping with the work at the Lion's Gate. The masonry of the two principal Treasuries is most probably later than that of the Gate, but the ornament was produced under the influence of the same style of art. This would lead us to suppose that there was some permanence in the style; but however long it may have lasted, the power had entirely gone when these tombstones were sculptured. Dr. Schliemann, p. 345, adopts Mr. Newton's opinion, that the Treasuries are more ancient than the tombs in the Agora; hence we may assume that the tombstones do not represent the early dawn of sculptural art in Mycenæ, but rather its decline. It would be a puzzling problem, with the history of Greek art before us, to give a date for these tombs later than that of the Treasuries, without coming down to a period which would entirely upset the whole pretensions of Dr. Schliemann's book.

The gold ornament found in the Mycenæan tombs is of a much higher type than the efforts at animals and natural forms. A parallel incongruity will occur to anyone who is familiar with Mr. Westwood's work on Anglo-Saxon ornament. There also we find the very rudest drawing of the human figure, combined with a beautiful style of ornament; and if we are to reason blindly from identity of style, as much might be said to prove that the art just disentombed at the Argive capital came from Ireland, as could be urged for its Assyrian or Asiatic origin. The use of wire in spirals and interlaced ornament could be pointed to as largely influencing both the Celtic and the Mycenæan art. The identity of the lozenge-shaped buttons with those found at Hallstadt, is certainly curious, and might be used effectively in such an argument. It must also be remembered that such a high authority as Curtius has suggested that they might be of mediæval or Byzantine date. If we glance over the pages of 'Mycenæ,' and forget for the moment that the objects were found in Greece, we might easily believe that we were reading a work on the Moyen Age. Dr. Schliemann himself, by confessing to the prior date of the Treasuries, which bear witness that there was a respectable style of art then in existence, precludes the theory that the objects he discovered belong to an early archaic period; we are thus almost forced to a late date as the only supposition left. It is better in our present state of knowledge not to hazard a guess at their age; we are not in a condition as yet to say whether they belong to the time of Agamemnon, or to fix with anything like certainty a date regarding them, for many centuries afterwards. Other excavations are going on in many parts of the East; and we may be assured that the problem, however puzzling it is—and all serious students admit the difficulties of the case—will in due time be wrought out, and everything be made clear.

It is because the art cannot be put into its proper classification that the objects found at Mycenæ have not as yet brought us any light on the important question of Asiatic influence. Yet they come from the very region where we might expect to discover evidences of this influence. Argos, Tiryns, and Mycenæ are not many miles distant, and were the ancient and important cities of the Argolic plain. Argos was one of the first places the Phœnicians came to when they ventured over the "shadowy sea" with their commerce; thus carrying Sidonian art, so often referred to by Homer, along with them. Prœtus had been to Lycia, a guest of King Jobates, and from that country came the Cyclopes, who built the walls of Tiryns and the Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ. Who these Cyclopes are is one of the riddles connected with the early art of Greece as well as of Asia. Pelops came from Phrygia, bringing, as is supposed, wealth, and, according to Strabo, a large increase of the population; and Mycenæ, which he made his capital, became thus a place of power and importance. This continued intercourse between the two regions could not fail to have had an influence on one of them at least. Which gave and which received this influence is not difficult to determine. All the histories indicate that the movement was from east to west. The Gate of the Lions, and the art which decorated the Treasuries, we need scarcely doubt, came into existence under this connexion. It is most generally defined as Pelasgic. As a building style, it is distinct in origin, as well as in its development, from that which we know of under the term Classic Greek. This last can be traced back in its details to a wooden origin; the first began by placing one stone on the top of another. With the Dorian conquest began the decay of the Pelasgic, and the growth of the newer style. This newer style commenced to assume a high condition of progress about 650 B.C. The Doric columns at Corinth, supposed to have been a temple of Minerva Chalinitis, are about the earliest we have, but still this leaves a gap of many centuries unaccounted for. Objects of art which could be classified by means of a date during this period would be invaluable to archæologists. Perhaps the finds of Dr. Schliemann belong to the date between the decay of the one art and the birth of the new. This is perhaps the most probable solution, but some evidence of a foreign influence at this time would help to make this explanation more acceptable. All that can be said at present is, that our knowledge is not sufficient to enable us to make any definite affirmation regarding them.

The absence of any remains like writing or letters in the excavations is an item in the problem which should not be overlooked. According to Woolf, writing was unknown to the Greeks till 600 B.C.; and even for a century after that, inscriptions or any forms of written characters are scarce. The quantity of gold objects found with the bodies is in itself pretty strong evidence that they were, if not royal, at least very important personages who had been buried there; and, looking to the quantity of ornament, the absence of anything like letters is striking, and might be put as a good reason for placing the interments before the fifth or sixth century B.C. A barbarian invasion after that date would hardly explain this absence of letters in a country like Greece. The tombstones had nothing but figures and scroll ornaments upon them. If writing had come to be a practice these stones could scarcely have been without some inscription. It should be remarked that the only evidence given of their being tombstones, is that the graves were found beneath. The stone slabs forming the circle of the Agora were at first pronounced to be all tombstones; and as they have now lost that character, we may hesitate as to the terms which should be applied to the others.

In the early days of the Royal Society it was considered fair game to impose upon its members with what we in our day would call "sells." One of these has often been recalled. A letter reached the learned body which pretended to be written by a naval doctor after an action, in which the case of a man having his leg broken by a cannon ball was related, and of a marvellous cure effected on the leg by means of an application of hemp and tar. The sailor was reported to be going about again with the full use of his limb in an incredibly short space of time after the event. Members of the Society launched out into learned discussions on the sanitary influence of tar, and the healing properties of hemp. Further details of the case had been promised, and were most anxiously looked forward to. At last they came, but it was only to say that the writer had forgotten to mention in his first communication that the leg was a wooden one, which, having been broken during the action, had been spliced by means of a piece of tarry rope-yarn. Very much like this has been the story of Athené Glaukopis and Hera Boopis. When excavating at Hissarlik, Dr. Schliemann came upon some vases, with what he described as an owl's face represented upon them. Athené having been the tutelary goddess of Troy, these vases were appealed to as evidence that the Homeric Ilium had been found, but a startling theory was also added. It was, that the word γλαυκῶπις, ought to be translated "owl-faced" instead of blue or grey-eyed, as it has always been. Upon the facts, as related by Dr. Schliemann, a most learned discussion arose. But since the Trojan collection has been seen by the public in South Kensington, even the Doctor's profoundest admirers have to acknowledge that there is no owl's head on the vases. Some of them have human lips, showing that it is a human face which has been meant, and there are other indications of the human body to support the conclusion. Mr. Gladstone and Professor Max Müller must at this moment feel themselves in very much the same position as the members of the Royal Society did when they found out the true details about the hemp and tar. Among the objects found at Mycenæ was a bovine head of silver with golden horns. Dr. Schliemann at once announced that it represented Hera, whose worship in Argos was intimately connected with the cow; and the Story of Io, the daughter of Inachus, who was changed into the "Ox-horned Maiden" by Juno, were, with other references, all arrayed in order, and, as in Glaukopis, the learned world was told it had been entirely wrong in its mode of rendering βοῶπις, and that, instead of meaning that Juno had eyes like a cow or an ox, its true signification was "cow-headed." The "wooden leg" in this case has not been so long concealed, for the whole thing has been blown to the winds by the publication of 'Mycenæ.' At page 216–7 are rather large engravings from photographs. These have been submitted to a naturalist whose position entitles him to authority, and the question put as to its being a cow's or a bull's head. The answer was decidedly given that it was the head of a bull. Is it possible that the Germans have sent Dr. Schliemann among the English archæologists to get a laugh at them as a return for the blunder about the Shapira collection?

This bull's head adds another question to the riddle of the date to be given to the graves. The art upon it does not assimilate to that on any of the other objects. It is better art, and stands high in point of workmanship. The head is very finely formed, and the nostrils are carefully and accurately rendered; there is a close keeping to Nature, and an absence of manner in its style, which separates it not only from all the art found at Mycenæ, but also from the generality of all ancient art. How is this separation to be accounted for? It might be ranked with the work on the animals at the Gate of the Lions, but it is impossible to class this fine head with the other efforts found at Mycenæ. This suggests, what should not be forgotten in the consideration of these remains, that everything that was found does not necessarily belong to the same date. Older objects may have been interred with the bodies; fragments of vessels, and other articles mixed with the soil, would be thrown up in making the graves, and thrown in again after the bodies were placed there. The style of ornament on the buttons is very similar in them all, and they are no doubt nearly of the same date. The supposition is that they were funereal only, and were placed as studs, or ornamental bosses, upon sword sheaths and other trappings. They were made seemingly by cutting the pattern into a bit of bone or hard wood, and then forcing thin sheet gold into it.

Among the objects found were a large number of small terra-cotta figures, which Dr. Schliemann associates with the cultus of Hera under a cow symbolism. They are very rude and primitive in the art upon them. There are no legs or feet. The intention of a human face can be recognised on the top part. Below this, there are extended arms, but the absence of hands might lead one to suppose they were meant for wings. The Doctor interprets them to be horns, or the crescent, thus symbolising Juno as the cow-goddess, and also as the moon-goddess. That the figure is female is clear from the breasts indicated on them; much could be said to prove that the crescent is an ancient symbol of the female power, and these small toy-like things will have a peculiar value if they should be ultimately accepted as intended for lunar symbols.

There is one very curious question as to whether the masks found on the faces were portraits or not. They are so rude and unlike the Greek type that it is difficult to believe anything approaching such faces could ever have existed in a land where beauty was deified, and yet there is evidently an effort at individuality in each; the trimming of the beard is even indicated in one of them, and this itself is a strong evidence of an attempt at portraiture. Yet, if so, how primitive is the condition of the art which is thus revealed. These masks have led to the supposition that embalming may have been practised as with the Egyptians, but this is not in keeping with the statements about the evidences of burning. The one rite had for its object the destruction of the body, while the other was for its preservation. The Egyptians seemed to have believed in the resurrection of the body in another life, and hence they used all their knowledge to preserve it as a mummy in the tomb. On the banks of the Ganges a God of Destruction is worshipped, and it is believed that the only way of passing to the next world is by having the body consumed with fire, and the ashes thrown into the sacred stream. The story of the Sons of Sagara, on which the Hindoo practice is founded, bears much resemblance to the mention of the case of Elpenor, in the eleventh book of the 'Odyssey,' as well as to other references in Homer, where the funeral rites have not been performed, and the final rest of the other world has not been attained. No doubt but a

religious symbolism underlies both modes of treating the dead. The Egyptians never used cremation; and, judging from the Bible, we may say that the Semitic race followed the same rule. Judging by the Chinese mode of sepulture, again, this rule might also be said to be Turanian. Cremation is Aryan; but seemingly not universally so. Although the burial of the body is evident from tombs which have been opened in Greece, as well as in countries occupied by the Indo-Germanic races, the question comes if these instances may not be owing to customs left by the older, and probably Turanian races, which preceded the Aryan. We are not yet clear as to who the Pelasgi and early races were who occupied Greece before the Hellenic. The discovery, by means of language, that a Turanian race existed in Italy is most important as bearing on this question. This might explain how burial and burning were both practised by the Greeks, the Romans, and other northern nations, in the pre-Christian period, but it still leaves the cases of Mycenæ and Hallstadt without even a suggested explanation where burial of the body was combined with partial cremation.

The various objects found in the explorations of Mycenæ might form matter for further criticism and theory, but the limits of this notice are exhausted. There has as yet been scarcely time to make a complete comparison of them with other articles from similar ancient Greek sites; and so much depends upon the careful study of these details, it may be said we are not yet in a condition to deliver a judgment. Such being the case, the character of Dr. Schliemann's enthusiasm, or rashness—which may perhaps be a better word—will be understood when he declared on the spot, at the moment of discovery, that he had found the tomb of Agamemnon. The importance of the find at Mycenæ will be a strong incentive to further explorations, and that is the true method of supplying data on which to work out the problems. Dr. Schliemann's work at Tiryns was nothing more than the sinking of a few preliminary shafts. This place is mentioned by Homer in the "Catalogue of the Ships," and is understood to be older than Mycenæ. Its massive Cyclopean walls have been the wonder of the ancients. Pausanias does not say that they are "more stupendous than the pyramids of Egypt" ('Mycenæ,' p. 6), but that they are equally worthy of admiration. Homer calls it the "well-walled," and certainly these mythic Cyclopes, whoever they were, performed their work so splendidly, that the whole circuit of defence yet exists, and would even be serviceable as a protection to troops at the present moment. The only attack it is likely to sustain in the present day will be from the spade of the archæologist, and the sooner this is done the better.

While ladies are struggling to be allowed an entry into the fields of study at home here, it must be considered as a triumph on their side that Mme. Schliemann has managed to establish her character as an archæologist. While her husband carried on the work in the Acropolis, she superintended the exploration of what is known as the Second Treasury, which she cleared out, and the details are given in the book by Dr. Schliemann. The value of this work will be understood when it is stated that the remains of this kind are very few in Greece, generally consisting of shapeless mounds, where little or none of the masonry is left. The Treasury of Minyas at Orchomenus is one of the most celebrated, but almost nothing of it remains. The so-called Treasury of Atreus, at Mycenæ, has hitherto been the most perfect known specimen of these structures. Now, however, thanks to Mme. Schliemann's labours, we have another brought to light which is almost in as perfect a condition, and the details revealed to us are most valuable.

The appearance of a book of this kind should not be allowed to pass without a word of compliment to the publishers. It is got up evidently regardless of expense; the illustrations are not only of the very highest order, but their profusion is a surprise. It might be said that such a work is an honour to any publishing firm. A production of this kind would be an honour to any Government, and such books are generally done under royal or imperial auspices. The ornaments and every detail are so minutely rendered that the remains can be studied—thanks to this work—almost as well as in the museum, where they now are, at Athens.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

Miss Misanthrope. By Justin McCarthy. London: Chatto and Windus.

It is difficult to know where one should begin one's praise of this brilliant and charming book. The heroine is one of those rare characters—rare in real life, rarer still in fiction—which unite a sound, a quick, and a cultivated intelligence with a sympathetic and generous heart. The hero, if we may assume Victor Heron to be the hero, is perhaps a shade too feminine for a robust taste, but no one can deny that he is as free as Don Quixote himself from any taint of meanness or vulgarity, and that he possesses that power of baffling prediction of his movements which, when united with perfect sanity of mind, goes far to constitute genius, and which certainly attracts more than any amount of eccentricity repels. That many Englishmen of business are like Mr. Money, who unites with a truly Socratic irony of self-depreciation a cultured understanding and a friendly readiness to incur any inconvenience in helping a friend, and who defines a friend in the same liberal spirit that is inculcated by the parable of the Good Samaritan, we are not sufficiently optimistic to believe, any more than we can regard his wife, the patroness of the unsuccessful, as a common phenomenon in modern society. But it is surely not unpleasant to turn from the insipid badness of the characters which contemporary novelists love to exhibit and the virtues which unimaginative epigrammatists despise, even if respectable dulness or twaddling propriety have their share in the representation. Much more is it a genuine pleasure, in turning over Mr. McCarthy's bright pages, to find a proof, if proof were needed, that to be respectable is not necessarily to be dull, and that wit is never more delightful than when it is accompanied by geniality and good humour. There is only one really unpleasant person in Mr. McCarthy's book, and that is Herbert Blanchet, the poetaster. But the merciless satire of which he is the victim is felt to be well deserved, as well as, considering that he represents a class, to be very much needed. Mr. Blanchet, though a poet, "had never read Shakespeare, considered Byron below criticism, and could hardly restrain himself on the subject of Browning." Though a complacent critic of art, he held "that the Venus of Milo as a work of art was beneath contempt. One of the divinities of his school had done the only Venus which Art could acknowledge as her own. . . . The Lady Venus was draped from chin to toes in a snuff-coloured gown, and was represented as seated on a rock, biting the nails of a lank, greenish hand; and she had sunken cheeks, livid eyes, and a complexion like that of the prairie sage-grass. Any other Venus made Herbert Blanchet shudder." This enlightened child of the age belonged to a society for mutual admiration, which is described by Mr. McCarthy in the chapter called "Chastelard." The description is too long for quotation, and we do not venture to weaken it by any paraphrase of our own. But we cannot resist giving the dedication prefixed by Mr. Blanchet to his volume of poems, and addressed to the lady by whose liberality they are published:—

> Unto my Lady Patroness and Queen—
> Upon my darkness may there well befall,
> Light of all darkness, darkness of all light;
> Starfire of amber, dew of deathlike sheen;
> Waters that burn, pale fires that sicken all,
> And shadows all aglow with saffron light;
> But comes my lady, who is Glory's queen,
> And all the bright is dark, and pallid dark the bright.

Minola Grey, the heroine of the book, escapes at the age of twenty from domestic discomfort in a small country town to the supposed freedom of a lodging in the west-central district of London, being accompanied in her

migration by a mild little old maid, whose only grave fault is a habit of writing poetry, and whose great virtue is that she does not expect anybody to read it. The two ladies establish themselves "in an old-fashioned street, running out of a handsome old-fashioned square. The street was no thoroughfare. Its other end was closed by a solemn sombre structure, with a portico, and over the portico a plaster bust of Pallas." Here Miss Grey expects to live in peace and freedom, avoiding the company of men, whom she detests with one exception—Molière's Alceste. But of course it is not fated that she should do anything of the kind. A visit paid to an old schoolfellow, Lucy Money, leads her into a miscellaneous collection of people, from whose society she never wholly escapes throughout the book. One of these is Victor Heron, the late governor of a distant colony, who has come home determined to free himself from the unjust censure of the Colonial Office, and who is the freshest, most unspoiled, and least selfish man that ever had a grievance. He pours his sorrows and his aspirations into Minola's ears, and is fortunate in a listener of rare intelligence and sympathy. Another of Minola's new friends is Herbert Blanchet, the poet of whom we have already spoken, and the brother of Miss Grey's companion. To him she is indebted for a reading of his own poems under three conditions which he imposes. "First, I cannot read by daylight. My poems are not made for day; they need a peculiar setting. May I ask that the windows be closed, and the lamps lighted? . . . In the second place, I would ask that no sign of approval or otherwise be given as I read. The whole must be the impression, not any part. It must be felt as a whole, or not felt at all. Until the last line is read, no judgment can be formed. . . . Then," continued Herbert, "when I have finished the last line, you will, perhaps, allow me to leave you at once, without formality, and without even speaking?" For a further description of Mr. Blanchet as a poet and a reader we must refer to Mr. McCarthy, passing on to another of Miss Misanthrope's London friends. "He might at times have seemed an elderly man, and yet one soon came to the conclusion that he was a young man looking prematurely old. There was a curious hardihood about him, which was not swagger, and which had little of carelessness or, at all events, of joyousness about it. He was evidently what would be called a gentleman, but the gentleman seemed somehow to have got mixed up with the rowdy." This was Lord Hugh St. Paul, or Mr. St. Paul as he called himself, brother of the duke at Duke's Keeton, Minola's native town, who had come home for a flying visit after knocking about in the Far West. A good-humoured, cynical radical, he repels one at first, as he repels the heroine, but before the end of the book most readers will have come to have a sincere respect and a considerable liking for him. From each of these three young men, as also from a certain Mr. Augustus Sheppard, a thriving solicitor of Duke's Keeton, who aspires to represent his native town in Parliament, Miss Grey receives an offer of marriage. Which of them she accepts, or whether she accepts any one of them, we shall not reveal; but we will take the opportunity of referring to Mr. St. Paul's proposal as, in our opinion, the most successful scene in the whole book. We will not give the reference, for fear of letting the cat out of the bag by indicating in what part of the book the offer is made, but we are tempted to quote a speech of the gentleman, which is, we think, not bad for a man on whom all the respectable people of the book look askance. "By the way," he struck in, "that reminds me—your speaking about friends—of something I wanted to say. I am glad I have thought of it before you have made up your mind. It's this—I hear you have money, or houses, or something of that kind. Well, don't you see, if you marry me, you can give it all, whatever it is, to old Mary What's-her-name. I don't want a dollar of it; I have plenty; so just take that into account before you decide." "Old Mary What's-her-name" is Mary Blanchet, Minola's companion in her escape from Duke's Keeton, whose sudden disappearance from the story is one of the least artistic features therein. But we think the fact that Miss Grey should have received such an offer from such a man speaks more for her attractive power than pages of the watery description with which many novelists endeavour to compensate the public for the lack of any distinctive qualities in their copious *dramatis personæ*. Mr. McCarthy draws his characters, in the language of a great critic, "from the heart outwards, not from the skin inwards." The time would fail us to describe the motley assemblage collected in Mrs. Money's drawing-room to which Minola's experience of metropolitan society is confined, but we cannot pass over Lady Limpenny and her blue china. "I was in danger every hour of breaking the First Commandment. My china was becoming my idolatry! There was a blue set which was coming between me and Heaven. I was in danger of going on my knees to it every day. I found that my whole heart was becoming absorbed in it! One day it was borne in upon me; it came on me like a flash. It was the day I had been to hear Christie and Manson." "To hear what?" Mrs. Money asked in utter amazement. "Oh, what have I been saying? Christie and Manson, my dear? that only shows you the turn one's wandering, sinful thoughts will take! I mean of course Moody and Sankey. What a shame to confuse such names." Some people may perhaps be reminded by Lady Limpenny's costly enthusiasm of the opening couplet in Clough's "Latest Decalogue." "Thou shalt have only one God: who would be at the expense of two?" But everyone will be glad to learn that Mr. Money's genial persuasion is sufficient to deter her ladyship from making the terrible sacrifice. Such is the society, at least such are the most prominent members of it, in which Miss Misanthrope, as Victor Heron calls her, is thrown during the brief period covered by this story. We have omitted Lucy Money, a pretty, amiable, rather silly young lady, because the only interest which she possesses depends upon the development of Mr. McCarthy's very skilful plot. The scene is for the most part laid in London, but an election at Duke's Keeton is interposed, and here we think the author is least successful, reminding us rather unpleasantly of Mr. Trollope's later and worse style. But he recovers himself with his return to the Metropolis; and the two chapters called "A Lounge in the Park" and "He wrung Bassanio's Hand," could hardly be improved in any way. Mr. McCarthy's style is simple and easy, if not wholly unaffected, and he is judiciously sparing of the epigrams which are always good when they come. He has written a book which, if it will not take rank among the elaborate and sustained efforts of George Eliot's genius, need not fear comparison with the best works of any other living novelist, which is at once vigorous in conception, brilliant in execution, pure in sentiment, and faultless in design.

SWALLOW-FLIGHTS.

Swallow-Flights. By Louise Chandler Moulton. London: Macmillan and Co.

The readers of this volume will be less surprised that Mrs. Moulton's poems should long have been popular in the New World than that their popularity should not sooner have extended to the Old. The explanation is a simple one. Mrs. Moulton has won her reputation in her own country by scattered contributions to magazines and newspapers which are little read here. She has never before, we believe, ventured out of the miscellaneous Poet's Corner, and challenged judgment upon her work as a whole. At any rate, this is the first time that English readers on this side of the Atlantic have had an opportunity of seeing any of her poems, either singly or in a volume.

Such poems as 'Swallow-Flights' are sure to command attention wherever and in whatever form they are read, because of their marked individuality and power. They have little affinity with the productions of any of the popular poets of the United States—Mr. Bryant, Mr. Longfellow, or Mr. Lowell. What faults Mrs. Moulton

might exhibit if she wrote as many volumes as Mr. Longfellow, we do not know; but in this little volume there is no trace of the provinciality of tone which has hitherto prevented any American poet from attaining the first rank. There has hitherto been in American poetry, at least in such of it as has gained a footing here, a certain uneasy sense of hopeless rivalry with the parent literature—a consciousness, as it were, of doubtful equality, which has left its traces in self-assertive waywardness and feeble imitation, and of which the strongest of the American singers have not been able wholly to divest themselves. Mrs. Moulton has escaped from this in her 'Swallow-Flights' at least, probably because she wrote without any thought of provoking great comparisons. Her verses are fresh, direct, spontaneous, occupied wholly and earnestly with their subject, without any sideward-looking or uneasy straining after the methods of other poets; and she shows herself possessed of sufficient resource to fill them with a rich and pure music of their own. Here in the mother country where we have so many schools of poetry, and so many eminent masters and hardly less eminent disciples, it is a pleasure to receive from over the seas poems which are so entirely independent of them all and yet so unaffected in their originality. It is perhaps a good augury for the future of American poetry that the spirit with which these poems have most in common is the spirit of the forerunners of the great Elizabethan period. They are not at all archaic in form; but they deal with the simple primitive emotions, and again and again, as we read through them, we are reminded of Wyatt and Sidney, and the casual lyrics gathered in such collections as 'England's Helicon.' The following sonnet, for example, apart from a slight difference in the scheme of its rhymes, might be passed off as one of the series addressed by "Astrophel" to "Stella."

ONE DREAD.

No depth, dear Love, for thee is too profound,
  There is no farthest height thou may'st not dare,
  Nor shall thy wings fail in the upper air:
In funeral robes and wreaths my past lies wound:
No ancient strain assails me with its sound
  Hearing thy voice; no former joy seems fair,
  Since now one only thing could bring despair,
One grief, like compassing seas, my life surround.
  One only terror in my way be met,
One great eclipse change my glad day to night,
One phantom only turn from red to white
  The lips whereon thy lips have once been set:
Thou knowest well, dear Love, what that must be—
The dread of some dark day unshared by thee.

There is no "poisonous honey stolen from France" here; it comes from the English Hymettus. To quote another example, the following might have found a place by the side of Wyatt's "Forget not Yet."

HOW LONG?

If on my grave the summer grass were growing,
Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
Through joyous June, or desolate December,
How long, sweetheart, how long would you remember—
  How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,
And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,
When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking—
  How long, dear love, how long?

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses.
Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses—
  How long, dear love, how long?

Too gay in June you might be to regret me,
And living lips might woo you to forget me;
But ah, sweetheart, I think you would remember
When winds were weary in your life's December—
  So long, dear love, so long.

To those who have formed their idea of the American poetess from the friends and admirers of Elijah Pogram, Mrs. Moulton's 'Swallow-Flights' will be a pleasant surprise. Her language is never extravagant; her "swallows" never mar the beauty of their flight by soaring to dizzy heights of the sublime and the fantastic ideal. We do not, indeed, know where we shall find, among the works of English poetesses, the same self-controlled fulness of expression with the same depth and tenderness of simple feeling. The reserved strength of Mrs. Moulton's art is of a kind which we have been accustomed to consider peculiarly masculine. George Eliot's achievements in the field of imagination have a greatness that these humble 'Swallow-Flights' cannot pretend to, and her expression of strong feeling in prose has long been above criticism as masterly, but it may be doubted whether she has ever succeeded in expressing the same intensity of feeling in verse of equal fulness, and equally free from that taint of over-excitement which is so fatal to high art. Perhaps the best part of Mrs. Moulton's volume is a series of poems addressed dramatically to a faithless lover, which, if they received a personal interpretation, would recall the sad circumstances in the career of Charlotte Smith, one of the sweet singers of last century, whose voluminous works in prose and in verse have long been forgotten, as well as her sorrows. Two of these poems we will quote, that our readers may judge for themselves whether, in our surprise at finding this volume among the heaps of rhymed rubbish published yearly and monthly under similar titles to 'Swallow-Flights,' we have been betrayed into using terms of hyperbolical praise:—

FIAT JUSTITIA.

Yes, all is ended now, for I have weighed thee—
  Weighed the light love that has been held so dear—
Weighed word, and look, and smile that have betrayed thee,
  The careless grace that was not worth a tear.

Holding these scales, I marvel at the anguish
  For thing so slight that long my heart has torn—
For God's great sun the prisoner's eyes might languish,
  Not for a torch by some chance passer borne.

I do not blame thee for thy heedless playing
  On the strong chords whose answer was so full—
Do children care, through daisied meadows straying,
  What hap befalls the blossoms that they pull?

Go on, gay trifler! Take thy childish pleasure—
  On thee, for thee, may summer always shine—
Too stern were Justice should she seek to measure
  Thy fitful love by the strong pain of mine.

AT THE LAST.

Come once, just once, dear Love, when I am dead—
  Ah, God! I would it were this hour, to-night—
And look your last upon the frozen face
  That was to you a summer's brief delight.

The silent lips will not entreat you then,
  Nor the eyes vex you with unwelcome tears;
The low, sad voice will utter no complaint,
  Nor the heart tremble with its restless fears.

I shall be still—you will forgive me then
  For all that I have been, or failed to be:
Say, as you look, "Poor heart, she loved me well,
  No other love will be so true to me."

Then bend and kiss the lips that will not speak—
  One little kiss for all the dear, dead days—
Say once, "God rest her soul!" then go in peace,
  No haunting ghost shall meet you in your ways.

WHO IS SHE?

Who is She? A Mystery of Mayfair. By the Author of 'The Honeymoon,' 'Through the Ages,' 'Fashion and Passion; or Life in Mayfair,' &c., &c. In Three Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall.

The Duc de Medina Pomar, as the author of this work calls himself, has been accused, it appears, by some

critics of his previous writings, of having produced in 'Fashion and Passion' a novel which was at once "immoral and personal." This charge, he says, "he cannot possibly permit to pass without refuting; for, if he does, they would say the very same of the work he now offers to the public." Those critics are such ferocious persons that they may perhaps say this without the Duc's permission, and in spite of his refutation of the calumny; still, the author's care for his reputation as a novelist fairly entitles him to be heard in his own defence. Against the charge of immorality he is tempted to plead that the work succeeded—"to judge by its sale—even beyond his most sanguine hopes," "every copy of the first edition being sold almost as soon as it was announced." So great, indeed, was its success, "thanks probably to the severity of the criticisms," that even the Duc's "most intimate friends could not get a copy, for love or money, within two months of its publication—so that a new edition became immediately necessary." One is tempted to ask what the buyers of the first edition did with their copies so as to render them inaccessible to the love or the money of the Duc's intimate friends. It would be irrelevant, however, to pursue this inquiry, for the great sale of the first edition, and his own profit therefrom accruing—facts upon which even a titled author may be pardoned for dwelling—he magnanimously declines to insist upon as an exculpation from the odious charge of immorality. He admits that the novel may have been bought on the supposition that it was immoral, "the greater part of the novel-reading community, unfortunately, not having that lofty appreciation of virtue and morality which all high-souled and good people should have," and which, it is clear from these words, the Duc de Medina Pomar himself possesses; but he declines to be popular on such pretences. 'Fashion and Passion' was not really immoral, he contends, and could never have been called so except by "the over-fastidious, who pay more attention to the letter than to the spirit of a book, and who are only too ready to cry 'Oh, fie!' at the smallest provocation." In 'Fashion and Passion,' the Duc's "chief aim was to try and show the weaknesses and vexations, not to say the follies and absurdities, that sometimes exist amongst those whom we are but too ready to regard with envy and admiration." How far this defence, something like which we have heard before urged against similar charges, may be valid in the case of 'Fashion and Passion,' we do not pretend to decide, because we have never read the work; but we hasten to say that we have read 'Who is She?' without feeling the smallest provocation to cry "Oh, fie!" except feebly here and there over a grammatical blunder. 'Who is She?' is not provocative of any sort of interjection; quite the contrary—the state of mind which the perusal of the novel superinduces is the most sound and wholesome of mental states. The Duc de Medina Pomar's "envy and admiration" of English aristocracy has not, on this occasion at least, induced him to represent them as being devoted to the habitual practice of immorality. The only immorality recorded in the novel takes place in dreamland. The heroine dreams a dream, in which she marries a man whom she does not like, elopes with a second, who is the object of the affections of her dearest female friend, and asks a third to marry her and protect her from the hatred and disgrace which she incurs in consequence of these misdemeanours. But this is all a dream, extraordinary only from the fact that it is miraculously sent in the very nick of time to save her from a false step to which she is being urged by her guardian. On the score of morality there is nothing to object to in 'Who is She?'

Against the charge of personality, the author of 'Who is She?' has a defence which, in the abstract, is complete. He "does not hesitate to confess that *every one* of his characters has been studied and drawn, after a great deal of consideration and labour, from life." But he qualifies this bold admission by saying that "his object is not to take off real people and make fun of them," a statement with which the most easily amused reader of 'Who is She?' will have no difficulty in agreeing. Further, he says that "there is no personage in it who is precisely what any one individual person happens to be in real life," which is also very probable. "In order to create one character, he has studied many." But this cannot fairly be considered an offence, for, as the author asks, "have not all novelists in all ages done the very same thing? Walter Scott, Lytton, Thackeray, Dickens, and most of the other great English writers, took their personages from real life, and yet who ever dreamt of condemning them for this? Even that great painter of human life, Lord Beaconsfield, has been forced to take some of the best characters in his works, when desirous of drawing in them a true and faithful picture of high life, from men and women who, on account of their position in society, are well known to everyone, yet who ever dared to say openly that this character was meant to represent this man and another that woman?" Lord Beaconsfield's critics have "dared" to identify some of his characters openly enough; however, the justification of personality, in so far as it can be based on great precedents, is, in the abstract, complete. They all draw from real life—Thackeray, Dickens, Lord Beaconsfield—and why should not the Duc de Pomar?

As the Duc de Pomar says that his characters are drawn from real life, we are bound to believe him. The very first chapter is sufficient to show how familiar he is with the manners and habits of the highest society. Two of the characters, Cyril Delamere, the hero, and Captain Firewood, his friend, are introduced to us walking in Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon in May. We feel at once that we are being taken into the innermost secrets of high life when the author informs us that all the world "circulates backwards and forwards, between Hyde Park Corner and Albert Gate," all the world in its carriages, on Sunday afternoons. After strolling for a little, and speculating on the possibilities of "a good season," and the mysterious She, "about whom all London is going mad—Heaven knows why!" the two friends hail a cab, and drive to Lady Larkington's. By the way, the author gives us another piece of thrilling information, that "ladies generally are at home on Sunday afternoons between four and six, and though they do not all inform their friends of the fact, yet as a rule they are glad enough to see them when they happen to drop in to join their afternoon tea." The extreme cleverness of these ladies in being in the Park and at home at one and the same time may well excite the "envy and admiration" of common folk. Arrived at Lady Larkington's, where Captain Firewood is introduced by the hero, they "seat themselves at her tea-table," and talk about the mysterious beauty. "'I should so like to know her,' Miss Larkington said, taking another piece of bread and butter," and speaking, doubtless, with her mouth full. "'I suppose she is perfectly proper, isn't she?' Lady Larkington inquires of the Captain." "'I want awfully to know her,'" says Miss Larkington again. "'Shall I give you another cup of tea, Captain, Captain ——'" presently asks Lady Larkington, politely forgetting the name of the Captain, whom she now sees for the first time. "'Firewood,' the gentleman addressed hastened to add, coming to her aid. 'No, thank you; we are dining early to-day at Hurlingham; and, by-the-bye, old fellow, don't you think we ought to be going?'" Here, as later on at the Hurlingham Club, where he points out celebrities on the lawn with his stick, Captain Firewood shows the easy promptness of the thorough man of fashion. And Cyril is hardly less accomplished, for, "taking up the hat which he had placed on the ground beside him while taking his tea, he prepared to accompany his friend." There are many such interesting details of real high life in 'Who is She?' The Duc de Pomar is evidently a keen observer. He could never have committed the error into which a person less familiar with the manners of high life might have fallen of making Miss Larkington gaily kick Cyril's hat out of his hand, or clap it over his ears, to show that she was "not at all C. D. this afternoon, old fellow, don't you know?" In another chapter he makes a young lord offer her an "S. and S.,"

and she declines on the ground that "it was only a slight feeling of giddiness which made her feel rather C. D.," but there is a time and place for all things, and this was in the absence of her mother.

That the Duc de Pomar's picture is a faithful reflex of English society we have his own assurance, which need only be qualified by the remark that his title is not an English one. That the book is a reproduction of what he has seen and heard in some section of English or foreign life we do not doubt, for there is not a trace of creative imagination in his work. The novel is as prosaic, matter-of-fact, and dull as a novel could be. Into his "types of humanity," which he has elaborated with such care from a variety of real personages, we need not enter. One of them, his heroine, does actually, on one occasion, make an attempt to be witty. She has been invited by a scientific baronet, who begs her pardon and pretends not to know what she means when she speaks of things being "quite too awfully delicious," to join his party at the Cowes regatta on board the yacht *Protoplasm*. The giddy, frivolous butterfly persists again and again in calling this the Cataplasm, and each time is corrected by the scientific baronet. This is absolutely the only thing in the shape of humour or wit with which these three harmless volumes are enlivened.

MINOR NOTICES.

Paradise Regained. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By Charles S. Jerram, M.A. (Longmans.)—Mr. Jerram has already proved his competence as an editor by his edition of Milton's "Lycidas," which, till this volume appeared, we had been accustomed to consider the best school edition of any work in the language. Mr. Jerram's victory over his most formidable rival in this volume, one of the "London Series of English Classics," is partly to be accounted for by the fact that, in the case of "Paradise Regained," he has had the advantage of the labours of several previous editors who have bestowed much pains upon the work. To all these, more particularly to Professor Masson, whose thoroughness in everything relating to Milton leaves little to be gleaned in the same field, Mr. Jerram makes due acknowledgment; but in the notes appended to the volume he finds plenty of opportunity for bringing to bear his own varied, minute, and accurate learning. Not a single obscure allusion or difficult phrase, not a single peculiarity in syntax or prosody—nothing, in short, that could possibly be a stumbling-block to the student, is left unnoticed. In the matters treated of in the Introduction, previous commentators have left less for Mr. Jerram to do; but here, as elsewhere, his comprehensive knowledge and sound judgment are conspicuous. His criticism of the Banquet scene, in the Second Book, may be quoted as a specimen of his criticism:—"The Banquet scene in the Second Book has been condemned as an unwarrantable addition to the Gospel narrative, as well as indecorous in itself and ill-suited to the occasion. 'The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted and holy scene' (Lamb, 'Essays of Elia'). It is true that Scripture records only three temptations, yet it does not preclude the possibility of there having been more; indeed the words of Mark i. 13, 'he was . . . forty days *being* tempted (*πειραζόμενος*)' imply a succession of temptations. Thus much may therefore be conceded to the licence of the poet; the question is, whether this added scene is in harmony with surrounding circumstances. Mature consideration compels us to give a negative answer to this question. Regarding Jesus for the moment as a simple Galilean peasant, the offer of so sumptuous a feast to one in his position would have been but a waste of resources; still more so if, even in the sense in which Satan admitted, he was the Son of God. This temptation indeed savours rather of the Korân than of the Gospel, and suffers by contrast with the previous one to turn stones into bread. There no gratification of a fastidious appetite had been proposed to Jesus, but to satisfy by simplest means the cravings of exhausted nature; and (what is more important) to prove his divinity by an act of supernatural power. The banquet, therefore, fails as a *climax*, which Milton evidently intended it to be; and the scene is unworthy of the reputed subtilty of its author. The contrast he suggests between these proffered delicacies and 'that crude apple that diverted Eve' is fallacious, since Eve desired the fruit not so much for its intrinsic excellence, as for the effect she believed it would produce—knowledge of good and evil. Yet the exquisite beauty of the whole description, drawing out by contrast (as De Quincey has observed) the sense of dreariness and utter solitude in the surrounding desert, will go far with most readers to atone for the allowed incongruity of the conception."

The Book of Scottish Poems: Ancient and Modern. With Memoirs of the Authors. By J. Ross. (Edinburgh: The Edinburgh Publishing Company; London: Simpkin and Marshall.)—This compendium is intended rather for the general reader than for the student of literature, but it affords a more comprehensive view of the course of Scottish poetry than any collection of the same size. The editor, Mr. Ross, speaks in a vague way of his leading aim being "to exhibit Scottish poetry as an exponent of the breadth and depth of the national character;" practically the distinction of the volume is that half its space is assigned to the earlier poetry—of a date anterior to the union of the two kingdoms. The best that can be said for Mr. Ross's critical remarks, and it is no small praise, is that they are brief; they are also, apart from a certain pardonable patriotic bias, sound and discriminating. His selections are made with excellent taste, and he wisely restricts the number of pieces taken from the better-known late poets. In the ancient half of the volume he has availed himself liberally of the publications of the Bannatyne Club, and of the labours of the accomplished critic and antiquary, Dr. Laing; and, not content with publishing the 'King's Quhair' at length, and giving very copious extracts from Dunbar and Sir David Lindsay, quotes also the best relics of vaguely-known and anonymous "makkaris." It is interesting to see the ancient and the modern poetry thus put side by side.

A Dictionary of English Literature. Being a Comprehensive Guide to English Authors and their Works. By W. Davenport Adams. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin).—It would be easy to point out, in the course of these 700 pages of names, dates, and quotations, faults of omission and disproportion, but the work on the whole is executed with extraordinary care, and should make a very useful book of reference. We do not see exactly what is gained by mixing up a bibliography, a list of authors with names and dates of their principal works, with an index to imaginative characters and familiar quotations, which is the chief novelty in the plan of the book. And no conceivable end is served by the little scraps of critical quotations, more particularly seeing that they are appended for the most part to works which need no such description or recommendation to the public. But apart from objections which may be taken to the plan of the work, the industry and accuracy of the compiler are deserving of all praise.

Flowers of Passion. By George Moore. (Provost and Co.)—'Flowers of Passion' is a feeble imitation of all that is silly and vicious in contemporary verse. There is scarcely an eccentricity or defect in the poetry of the day that is not copied in these poems. They have occasionally some little merit of versification, but nowhere any gleam of originality, the very name being an adaptation from Baudelaire's 'Fleurs de Mal.' Like some of the poets whom the author of 'Flowers of Passion' parodies, he tries his best to create a startling effect by the use of the disagreeable and the disgusting; unlike them, he only succeeds in being ridiculous.

Dion, and other Poems. By Walter Rew. (Trübner.)—*Dion* is a lengthy and somewhat heavy tragedy, with a great deal of good writing in it, but as a whole somewhat difficult to read. Socrates, Plato, Aris-

tophanes, and a great many other characters, are grouped around the central figure of Dion, who is well conceived and executed. There are also a good many shorter poems in the volume, all with more or less merit, all more or less philosophical, and, as a rule, impressed with the same defects as the tragedy.

ART.

EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

[*Concluding Notice.*]

There is a passage in the opening chapter of the story Mr. Hardy is now contributing to *Belgravia* that gives admirable expression to a prevailing sentiment in the modern appreciation of landscape. Referring to the declining belief in the value of accepted forms of natural beauty, he says, "Indeed, it is a question whether the exclusive reign of the orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. Shall we say that man has grown so accustomed to his spiritual Bastille that he no longer looks forward to and even shrinks from a casual emergence into unusual brightness? The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the mournful sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of Nature that is absolutely consonant with the moods of the more thinking among mankind." Perhaps Mr. Hardy is wrong in assuming that this particular attitude towards Nature will be permanent, or that even now it exercises exclusive dominion over all classes of minds; but we may grant, at least, that there is here something more than a passing fashion. In painting, as well as in literature, a belief in the beauty of what is sombre and even sad in effect has gradually been gaining ascendancy, and nearly all the greatest landscape painting of recent times has been occupied with the study of a world into which the sunlight only rarely penetrates. Turner, in the later phases of his art, is an exception, but an exception that only tends to confirm the rule, for, in proportion as his colouring became more brilliant, his hold upon Nature relaxed, and his art took at last the unstable shape and the unreal brightness of a dream. Partly, perhaps, we may explain the general sobriety of the modern view of Nature from the fact that all the greatest art of recent times has been northern art, and has been bred in lands where the climate itself rarely permits the study of sunlight. But that this is not a complete explanation we may be convinced by such landscapes as those of Canaletto at Burlington House. Here are views of London in tranquil sunlight, with no suggestion of storm, and with only harmless clouds afloat in the sky. And yet although they are the work of a painter who had learned his craft in Italy, no one can say that they do not give a truthful impression of our city. Such days of sunshine as Canaletto chose to render could be found now if our painters cared for their beauty; and though dull days are numerous, there is summer sunshine enough even in England to provide any number of painters with bright and cheerful themes. But the modern sentiment in landscape would not be content with the result that has satisfied Canaletto's genius. The constant observation of Nature has revealed new possibilities for the painter as well as the poet, and has taught both, by increase of sympathy, to endow the facts of the outer world with something of human passion and movement. Artists have found, in the uncertainties of weather and in shifting cloud and light, realities that are capable of being combined with almost dramatic effect, and, impelled by the romantic spirit that has infected every phase of modern life, they have grown careless of the precise forms and positive colours of Nature in the desire to render the truth of its changing moods, that are as subtle as the varying emotions of mankind. These graver secrets of Nature are in their full significance only of modern discovery. Titian had partly anticipated the power of dramatic expression in landscape, and Dürer had found a way to add to the force of his allegorical designs by a suggestion of solemnity in the surrounding scene, but it was left to a later day and to an artist of another school to develop the full resources of the new sentiment. Rembrandt was the painter who may be said to have created the style destined to prevail in the modern treatment of landscape. He was the first to understand and to render the dignity of common scenes, and to draw from reality a spirit strong enough to efface and to subdue all accidents and irregularities of form. In the exhibition at Burlington House there is a superb example of his powers. The "Windmill" (172), from Lord Lansdowne's collection, is a work of surpassing beauty, inspired by a sentiment so entirely modern as almost to make us forget the time that has elapsed since its production. Compared with the pictures by Canaletto already noticed, it seems to belong almost to our own day, and yet Rembrandt's career was finished thirty years before that of Canaletto had begun. We can make no inventory of the merits of such a picture, for the materials are absolutely simple, and the means of expression belong exclusively to the language of art, and are not translateable into any other dialect. Rich and even sumptuous in effect of colour, there are yet but a few sober tints hidden beneath the glow of golden light, and here, as indeed in all other respects, the craft is so closely wedded with the spirit of the work that we cannot divorce the two, or give a separate value to either. We may, however, perceive and note with what perfect mastery the vital principles of light and colour are preserved: in the deepest shadow the chosen tint never loses its quality, nor do the brightest passages miss the control of the tone that governs the whole.

To pass from this picture to the landscapes of the Norwich School, arranged in the first gallery, is like passing from a master to his disciples. The master is still the youngest in spirit, the freshest in his appeal to us, though there is an interval of a century between them; but we must confess that, with painters like Crome and Cotman, the great Dutchman's example finds worthy following. It would be a great mistake, as this collection amply proves, to class the men of Norwich in a single phrase, as though they had all an equal claim to our respect; we may not even rank the two highest among them on a perfect equality. Crome, to our thinking, surpassed them all, for in the work of Cotman there are obvious weaknesses, and of the others, including Vincent Stannard and Stark, there are only isolated examples to justify more than moderate praise. But in Crome the rendering of Nature is directed by a sustained power that rises to the dignity of genius. He had mastered the complexities of his subject before he presumed to select and simplify the details, and it is with deliberate purpose, not from lack of resource, that he banishes insignificant incident from the scene. When, for example, in such a picture as that of Carrow Abbey, he translates the colours of Nature by a few sombre tones, and reduces the definition of form within the strictest limits, we follow the process with confidence, for the result leaves no sense of poverty. But it is not always so with Cotman. Here the simplicity is sometimes insufficient. The painter's grasp of the truth is not so firm, and the effect is for this reason of imperfect validity. He is seen at his best in such works as the "Windmill" (29) and the "Old Houses, Gorleston" (30), where a single impression is stamped upon slight material; but elsewhere, noticeably in the river scene (37), the hand fails before the work is done. There was, however, one element of Nature that Cotman studied with thoroughness. He knew and understood the beauty of the sea, and no English painter has more effectively rendered the sense of latent force in moving water.

MUSIC.

A QUARTET BY VERDI.

Meeting with Verdi as the composer of a quartet is like seeing a trout travelling along a dusty highway. One's first feeling is one of surprise at the *maestro's* boldness in forsaking his own proper element. What that element is, Europe has known for the last quarter of a century. To deny genius to the author of *Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto* would be a sign of obtuseness or narrow-minded partisanship. But this genius is perhaps less of the purely musical cast than is the case with other great composers. The dramatic element enters largely into it, and not always in its most artistic form. Take, for instance, one of the most popular instances that can be chosen—the "Miserere" in *Il Trovatore*. In its connexion with the situation, the solemn strains of the death-chant and Manrico's passionate love-song are absolutely overpowering. But when we come to analyse the music *quâ* music, we find it to be neither of the highest artistic type nor yet strikingly original. And the same may broadly be said of Verdi's musical conceptions generally. They want dramatic surroundings, the glitter of the stage, and the beautiful voices of Italian singers, to have their full effect. If we look into the structure of his *ensembles*, or even of his individual tunes, we miss the organic growth, the pathetic depth of Beethoven, or Schubert, or Wagner. Under these circumstances it was, we repeat it, a bold experiment on Verdi's part to divest himself of all extraneous means of assistance, and enter the field of music in its purest—one might say, most helpless—condition. Even the charm which the variety of orchestral colour may convey to the most trivial tune is abandoned in the quartet. Instead of horns, and clarinets, and bassoons, and kettle-drums, there are here four fiddles, pure and simple—fiddles of different sizes and slightly varying in tonal character, but fiddles still. Here, then, at last, the musician may show what melodious invention and contrapuntal art can do when thrown on their own resources. These preliminary remarks were necessary to make the reader appreciate the amount of praise implied by the very favourable reception unanimously accorded to Verdi's first attempt at chamber music at last Monday's Popular Concert. It would be too much to say that the new quartet takes rank with similar efforts by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Schumann. Neither would the composer be gratified by such praise. He does not wish to abandon his Italian, nor yet wholly his operatic characteristics. In short, he desires, first of all, to remain Verdi, and in this he has fully succeeded. The form of his work is shaped after classical models, and displays in parts surprisingly good workmanship, but the melodies introduced are distinctly of the type familiarised by the composer's dramatic works. The least satisfactory of the four is perhaps the first and longest movement, Allegro E minor, showing a slight tendency towards diffuseness, which, however, does not reach the stage of actual dulness. A remarkable feature is a charming codetta, which appears in the first part, and again towards the close of the movement, shortly before the coda proper. The theme of the second movement (andantino) has the character of a dance played very slowly; it indeed resembles one of Chopin's mazurkas tolerably closely. With this main theme two, or more correctly speaking two and a-half, episodes are skilfully interwoven, the general character of the piece being that of graceful tranquillity. The next following movement (E minor, scherzo prestissimo), is, on the other hand, buoyant life throughout. There is something of Rossini's humour in the obstinate hammering of the staccato E. The cantabile of the trio which appears in the somewhat remote key of A major is in pleasant contrast with the wild rhythm of the scherzo, and here we notice an almost vocal treatment of the instruments, again highly characteristic of the author. The "Fuga," which stands in the place of the final allegro, is child's-play if compared with the grandly compact structure of Bach's or Handel's fugues. But criticism drawn from parallels and comparisons is invidious, and judged on its own merits Verdi's movement fully atones by liveliness and humour what it may lack with regard to grave scholarship. Mme. Néruda, Messrs. Ries, Strauss, and Piatti, who rendered the work to perfection, ought to have a share in the warm applause awarded to Verdi's quartet on its first performance in England. We deliberately write "first" performance, for the playing of the work by all the strings of the band at the Crystal Palace was little more than one of those curious eccentricities by which Mr. Manns occasionally loves to startle the admirers of his usual taste and judgment.

DRAMA.

THE GLOBE.—"A FOOL AND HIS MONEY."

The most amusing character in this play, next to Mr. Toole, is a certain Welsh bard, who does not appear upon the stage. His actions, like an ancient stage-murder, take place behind the scenes. Mr. Toole narrates them. When Mr. Toole, as the faithful but designing butler "Chawles," is left by his master's will the owner of a large fortune, he purchases an estate in the interior of Wales—like another Jonah, as Mr. Byron is careful to make him say—and the Welsh bard, a kind of heirloom on the estate, is one of his chief puzzles and annoyances. He finds that the enjoyments of the interior of Wales have been much exaggerated. He tries fishing, but the result of his experience is summed up in the saying that salmon ought to be spelt with a *g*. He "'unts," but once is enough. In shooting, his most successful feat is destroying a pointer with one barrel, and lodging the contents of the other in his gamekeeper's calves. From sports he can abstain, having found that they are not suited to him, but the national music is incarnated in the family bard, whom he has bought with the estate, and who insists upon discharging the duties of his position. Mr. Toole entirely fails to appreciate the "deadly 'owls" with which the bard accompanies himself on the national instrument. But the bard is too full of the dignity of his office to take a hint and put himself to silence. Therefore, the new proprietor has recourse to the expedient of keeping him continuously intoxicated, which mitigates, if it does not altogether remove, the nuisance. Mr. Toole is at his very best in describing the sufferings caused him by this hereditary minstrel. And many incidental allusions show how deep a hold this retainer, who sticks closer than a brother, has taken of his imagination. When he is sick at heart, and his butler—for Chawles is now served instead of serving—tempts his feeble appetite with various savoury viands, and proffers him, among other things, a box of sardines, Mr. Toole says, "Give them to the bard." When he can bear the interior of Wales no longer, and resolves to leave it, his father-in-law that is to be asks what *he* is to do, left alone among savages. "Play with the bard," Mr. Toole says. Among the many "merry jests" with which Mr. Byron has provided Mr. Toole in this play, the bard is certainly of the merriest.

There is nothing particularly original in *A Fool and His Money*. The behaviour of a man of low estate suddenly advanced to wealth has long been a favourite subject with novelists and dramatists. Perhaps the stage character to which Mr. Byron is most indebted for the general outline of Chawles is old Daniel Dowlas, the tallow-chandler, in the *Heir at Law*. Like Daniel, the fortunate Chawles is very much in need of some one to mend his "cacophony." His teacher is not a Dr. Pangloss, but the legitimate heir to the estate. He has not a son, who should illustrate the perverting influence of sudden wealth by proving false to his Cicely, but he supplies the same illustration by considering himself too high in his new dignity for a fellow-servant to whom he had before made a promise of marriage. In outline, "Chawles" is simply Daniel Dowlas and Dick

Dowlas rolled into one. But it is only the outline, which is sufficiently hackneyed to be treated as common property, that Mr. Byron has borrowed. The incidents, the dialogue, and the humour are all his own, and they are as fresh and animated as possible, and supply Mr. Toole with the means of affording a hearty entertainment. Few opportunities are given to the other actors of distinguishing themselves. Mr. Righton tries hard, but in vain, and almost with a positively disagreeable effect, to give prominence to a mercenary father, who tries to acquire an ascendancy over "Chawles." Miss Meyrick is more successful as the daughter of this adventurer, showing a keen intelligence and a refined sense of humour. But of course the main attraction is Mr. Toole.

VARIORUM NOTES.

The Salle de l'Art Ancien, at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition, will be on a scale never before attempted, if report is to be trusted. The productions of Egyptian art and that of the extremest East, from the remotest times down to the present day, as well as those of Greece and Rome, will be fully represented. It is said that the Philological Society will contribute a primitive Aryan, and the Earl of Beaconsfield an Asian Mystery.

The Mikado of Japan has presented two very handsome volumes of Japanese poetry to Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion." It will be remembered that Mr. Horne lately published a fine "Ode to the Mikado," complimenting the Eastern monarch on his liberal reforms and his concessions to modern feeling. The Imperial gift is a recognition of this attention from the distinguished Western writer. The volumes, exquisitely printed, are bound with violet silk threads, are wrapped in a case of grass-green embroidery, and, finally, repose in a charming box of cedar-wood. They contain a collection of poems by famous Japanese writers celebrating the achievements of the present Mikado. We understand that Mr. Horne proposes, with the assistance of his friend, the Japanese Ambassador, to translate these poems into English verse.

Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, the author of the well-known translation of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, and the predecessor, on very different lines, of Mr. Browning as a translator of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, has presented the British Museum with a translation of some of Calderon's plays. Mr. Fitzgerald's translation is privately printed, and will not be given to the literary world except through the medium of the British Museum reading-room. This is certainly to be regretted, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Fitzgerald will find reason to alter his decision.

Mr. Archibald Forbes is hardly less successful as a lecturer than as a war correspondent. His humorous account of his personal experiences, in his lecture at St. James's Hall, caused such laughter, and his descriptions of some of the more stirring scenes that he witnessed—such as the crossing of the Danube and the bombardment of Plevna—showed that he had the power of touching deeper feelings.

In the old days prior to the passing of the Anatomy Act, it was a popular belief that one might enjoy proprietary rights in a corpse. The resurrectionists and the surgeons, at any rate, regarded dead bodies as marketable commodities. A case has been tried before Judge Haynes, of Ohio, in which the following curious point arose and was settled. A man named Glasser sued one Haberer for damages done to his property in the shape of his wife's corpse. Mrs. Glasser, it appeared, had been previously married to a man of the name of Meecher. Haberer, who was a too enthusiastic friend of Meecher's, had dug up Mrs. Glasser after her burial, and re-interred her remains in another grave, putting over it a tombstone bearing her first husband's name. It is not stated whether Judge Hayens would have allowed any *solatium* for Glasser's lacerated feelings. He simply ruled that "there is no such thing as property in the corpse of a human being," not even when the human being is one's wife. Here is another argument which may be placed at the disposal of the "strong-minded." If a dead woman is not the property of her husband, why should a living one be considered his "chattel?"

M. Dubouloz, in the current number of *L'Art*, discussing the Burlington House Exhibition, gives his opinion concerning the portrait of a skater on the side of Mr. Comyns Carr and some other well-known critics, to the effect that the picture is more likely to be a Raeburn than a Gainsborough.

A member of the Newest Shakspear Society has discovered that Ophelia was a gipsy. His theory is founded on this passage from Mr. Leland's 'English Gipsies.' "It is really curious that the gipsy term for an owlet is the *Māromengro's Chavi*, or Baker's Daughter, and that they are all familiar with the monkish legend which declares that Jesus, in a baker's shop, once asked for bread. The mistress was about to give him a large cake, when her daughter declared it was too much, and diminished the gift by one half—

> He nothing said,
> But by the fire laid down the bread,
> When lo, as when a blossom blows,
> To a vast loaf the manchet rose;
> In angry wonder, standing by,
> The girl sent forth a wild rude cry,
> And, feathering fast into a fowl,
> Flew to the woods a wailing owl.

According to Eilert Sundt, the gipsies of Scandinavia assemble once a year by night in order to unbaptise all the children that they have allowed the Gorgios to baptise for money. Mr. Leland, however, does not believe this story.

An Englishman went into a church in Rome the other day, and as a service was going on he sat quietly down, placing his hat on the ground beside him. After waiting a little while, and as there seemed no immediate prospect of the ceremony coming to an end, he thought he would go, and reached for his hat, but was stopped by an unseen arm which grasped him from behind. Thinking that probably some custodian of the church wished him to remain till the conclusion of the service, he again waited. Presently he thought again of going, again reached for his hat, and again the unseen arm firmly prevented him. Convinced that the service was some really important one which his leaving would disturb, the Englishman again waited for about a quarter of an hour. At the expiration of that time he determined to depart, in spite of etiquette. So he again reached for his hat. Again the hand grasped him, but as he determinedly resisted its retaining efforts, a voice behind him exclaimed in English, "I beg your pardon, but that is my hat you are taking." And this was the fact. Our hero had been detained all this time because each time that he wished to go he had reached in mistake for the hat of another stranger, placed in close proximity to his own.

The art of dancing has lately been revived to some extent by Mr. Mapleson. It may, however, be some time before it reaches again the consideration which it held in the days of a little story recorded by M. Berlioz. A dancer, rehearsing before his appearance on the Paris stage, suddenly stopped, and said to the conductor, "It seems to me that my *morceau* tires me more than it ought to. What key are you playing in?" "In E." "Ah, now I understand. I can only dance in D."

Among the many anecdotes of M. Berlioz which have been preserved, there is one which we do not remember to have ever seen in print. A certain Englishman was in Paris at the same time with General Tom Thumb, and happened to be introduced to Berlioz. Imagining that giants, dwarfs, musicians, and actors were all one tribe, he begged Berlioz to let him see Tom Thumb in private. "With pleasure," said Berlioz, and gave him an address where he told him he would find the great dwarf at home. He went, and found himself in the presence of a gigantic man, who was, in fact, none other than Lablache. Curiosity soon got the better of shyness and politeness, and the Englishman asked his host for an explanation. "I came here," he said, "sent by M. Berlioz to see General Tom Thumb. Now, there must be some mistake. He is a very, very little creature, and you——" "Ah! true," Lablache replied; "I am very little indeed when I appear in public. Mais, quand je suis chez moi, je me mets à mon aise."

In a notice by M. Mortier of the light pen—the Monsieur de L'Orchestre of *Le Figaro*—concerning a forthcoming reproduction at the Ambigu of *Le Courrier de Lyon*, we find Fouinard described as "l'homme à la savate." Can this be the origin of Fouinard's being called, apparently without rhyme or reason, "the philosopher" in English playbills. The blunder is almost too delicious to be possible. By-the-by, the same note informs us that M. Lacressonière was the original representative of Lesurques and Dubosc.

In another column of *Le Figaro*, Jean de Paris gives an almost infallible cure for cold in the head. It is simply eau-de-Cologne applied to the forehead and back of the head. This is a pleasant and safe remedy, but there is one fatal objection to it. It must be used, like the twenty thousand other reliable cures for the same nuisance, exactly when the first warning symptoms appear. Why is it, by-the-by, that the *grippe* one catches in Paris is so much more virulent than the ordinary cold of London? It might be answered that foreigners in Paris have so much to do that they will not take care of themselves. But the natives of Paris suffer just as much.

Mr. Grenville Murray, in a recent "Round About France," in the *Daily News*, speaking of Alexandre Dumas *fils's* forthcoming dramatic adaptation of one of his father's novels, describes the hero, Joseph Balsamo, as "a mysterious doctor who claims to have discovered the secret of manufacturing gold," &c. It would have been almost as easy to have said that Joseph Balsamo is no other than the famous, or rather infamous, Count Cagliostro, of diamond necklace celebrity, Count Front-of-Brass, as Carlyle calls him, whose shams and swindles came to an end at last in Castle St. Angelo, in Rome. Mr. Grenville Murray is a master of modern French literature, but he can hardly have been "right slap through" this particular story of late, as Mr. Silas Wegg would say, or he would scarcely have omitted this fact.

Signor Mario, who has settled down at Rome in his old age, and devoted himself to antiquarian studies, said, the other day to a visitor, "If you speak of me, say that you saw Mario by the ruins of Rome, like my illustrious ancestor, Marius, by the ruins of Carthage."

A correspondent points out to us that the way in which the confession is wrung from the Countess Zicka, in the last act of *Diplomacy*, by means of a blank communication which she supposes to contain her name, is identical with a closing scene in Paul Féval's novel 'Le Bossu,' and its dramatised version *The Duke's Motto*.

Mr. John Payn's translation of the whole of the 'Arabian Nights,' of which Lane only translated about a third, is nearly concluded, and will soon be ready for publication.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will shortly publish a 'Life of George Combe,' whose work on 'The Constitution of Man' has been translated into six modern languages, while over 100,000 copies have been sold in this country. On matters of education Mr. Combe was consulted by the Prince Consort and Baron Stockmar, to whom in 1844 he presented a report on the education of the Prince of Wales. He was, moreover, one of the earliest and most zealous advocates of compulsory and unsectarian national education, and among his correspondents on that subject were Cobden, Archbishop Whately, W. E. Channing, Horace Mann, &c. The present work, which is by Mr. Charles Gibbon, contains a fragment of autobiography, and throws much light on the state of religious thought in England during the first half of the nineteenth century.

The delegates of the Clarendon Press will, we understand, publish in a few days the third and concluding volume of Professor Stubbs' 'Constitutional History of England;' and 'Chapters of Early English Church History,' by William Bright, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

Mr. Ridgway has in the press and will shortly publish a new edition, considerably enlarged and improved, of Mr. A. Gibson's 'Agricultural Chemistry.' Also a popular edition of the "Political Writings" of the late Richard Cobden, with an introduction by Sir Louis Malet, C.B.

Messrs. Macmillan are about to issue a cheap edition of Cobden's Speeches, uniform with their People's Edition of the Speeches of Mr. John Bright.

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